The Student Voice
1958-1959

Worcester State
University

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE
LIBRARY
WORCESTER, MASS.

The Acorn

Vol. XVI. Worcester State Teachers College, Worcester, Mass., Friday, October 31, 1958 No. 1

NEW BUILDING OPENS

Finance Committee Allots $10,955

The Finance Committee in a spirited meeting, September 28, allotted $10,955 for various student organizations. This is $355 more than the limit set by Dr. E. C. Osborne, treasurer of the Committee.

It was pointed out that due to the increased enrollment there was approximately $1500 more this year than last. The M.A.A. requested this much more in hopes that they may be able to acquire new uniforms. It is also expected that the school may be charged for the use of local gyms this year for the games.

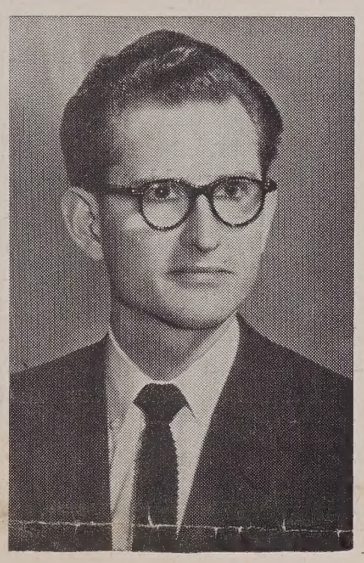
The student council dominated Committee also voted to allot the Council $700 for the coming year. This was done in order to give the conference delegates more to make up that which comes from the delegate's own pocket.

The ACORN requested $1800 this year in order that we may put out six-eight page issues, to cover higher printing costs, and to publish more newsy and worthwhile material.

The requests and the allotments:

ACORN	$1,800.00	$1,500.00
Assembly	550.00	450.00
Benevolence	130.00	130.00
Building and Ground	15.00	15.00
Council	700.00	700.00
Debating Soc.	575.00	250.00
Dramatics	250.00	250.00
Glee Club	350.00	350.00
Laundry	75.00	75.00
M.A.A.	4,185.00	3,100.00
Social Com.	700.00	700.00
W. A. A.	800.00	675.00
Yearbook	2,500.00	2,500.00
Miscellaneous	10.00	10.00
Public Relations	50.00	50.00
Rentals	450.00	200.00

JEL



THOMAS H. CARPENTER HEADS GLEE CLUB

A newly created position in the music department at Worcester State Teachers College, was filled this fall with the appointment of Thomas H. Carpenter, a native of Kansas City, Misouri. Carpenter, who lives at 79 West Street, is a graduate of the University of Kansas City where he received his Master of Arts degree. He is a doctoral candidate in the school of fine and applied arts of Boston University.

For the past four years he has held the position of director of vocal music and music education at Washington State Teachers College in Machias, Maine. Prior to teaching in Maine, Carpenter was assistant conductor of the University of Kansas City choirs, and was for two years Supervisor of Music for the Kansas City Department of Recreation where he conducted a city choral ensemble and formed a madrigal singing society.

Choral Group

Approximately 128 students answered Mr. Thomas Carpenter's call for recruits to form a Choral Group. All were auditioned and then came the arduous task of selection, since 60 was to be the maximum. This delimitation is necessary for efficiency, portability and managibility. Selection was done at random and it is possible that there may be some drop-outs Thus, those not chosen should feel no offense and it is possible that some may be recalled.

The soprano section is very large while the tenor section needs some re-inforcements. Any interested student with a tenor range is asked to contact Mr. Carpenter.

Progress at Worcester Teachers

Bewilderment, confusion, and yes, even amazement were among the diversified emotions noted 'midst the students — both upper classmen and lower classmen — on registration day at W.S.T.C. In the past few years the changes in our familiar surroundings have been radical. Although the oft dreamed of new building is now a reality, it has not been opened for occupancy. However, both faculty and student body anxiously anticipate its opening and temporarily have grown accustomed to the inconveniences. Undoubtedly, several of the upperclassmen and faculty will feel a slight tinge of wistfulness and a sense of sadness and longing for the "old days" but adjustments to the new surroundings will be readily made and soon memories of the familiar will fade and give way to promises of a bright future.

Now, pardon the trite expression "back at the old grind." Trepidation was felt by the largest freshman class in the history of W.S.T.C. with mention of term papers and mid-semester exams. A word from the wise—It's really not as ominous as all that! Naturally, studies come first but you will find that in spite of all the endless hours spent on research papers, there is still sufficient time for extra-curricular activities. Remember that the aim of every college is to turn out sound citizens and well-rounded individuals. Perserverance is the thing; bear in mind that stately seniors were once, not very long ago, common, lowly, plebian freshmen too.

Speaking of the seniors—there's sad news in the offing. All College Week and the Senior Tea have been postponed indefinitely due to lack of facilities, namely our new cafeteria. Announcements concerning these functions will be made at a later date.

Congratulations are in store for the juniors! After completing two years of arduous study, they have become upperclassmen. This realization came when they received their class rings early this month. Bustling around the building, checking bulletin board notices, etc., have been due to the formulation of plans for the first social event of the season, the Junior Prom. The name "Fiesta" hints that it is sure to be a gala event. The date has been set for November 14, at 8:00 P.M. at the Wachusett Country Club in West Boylston. Our socail chairmen are doing a splendid job planning the festivities, in spite of the problems encountered regarding the new building.

One thing is evident about the freshman class — such a display of spirit and enthusiasm has not been observed in the school for years. It puts the upperclassmen to shame in some instances.

Contrary to custom, and to conclude, we of the **Acorn** wish to extend a hearty and warm welcome to all students and faculty and hope that this year will be fruitful for all.

Joan Bennett
and
Estelle Connor

Archibald MacLeish

Archibald MacLeish, famous poet, newly successful playright, former librarian of Congress and Assistant Secretary of State was awarded the Sara Josepha Hale Award this summer at the Newport, New Hampshire Library festival for his outstanding contributions to the world of literature. The award was given in memory of S. J. Hale author of "Mary Had a Little Lamb" in her home town by a committee of literary figures. Mr. MacLeish in the main address of the evening discussed the values of poetry in our modern age and emphaisized his points by a recital of a number of his poems.

Poetry as he defined it is "the principle means of knowing what life is" and "not something on the edge of life." It isn't an addition nor an escape from life.

In an interview with this reporter Mr. MacLeish answered a number of questions. When asked why his new Broadway production, J.B., was first produced at Yale he answered that as originally planned the Pheonix theatre (off B'way) was first going to stage to stage the play but casting difficulties were encountered and the theatre recommended the Yale Drama School. The Yale Drama School is bringing its production of J. B. to the Brussels World Fair where it will open in the Main Theatre.

In aswer to a question dealing with the durability of the San Francisco School of Poetry ("Beat Generation") MacLeish said he right it to be a current fad.

Continued on Page 4

Newman Club

The Newman Club will sponsor an evening of recollecton for Women at the Cenicle Retreat House in Lancaster on Wednesday, November 5. The offering per person will be $2.00. It will be a very worthwhile spent evening for all who attend.

The Acorn

The ACORN is a student publication of the State Teachers College at Worcester, Massachusetts, published monthly; it is printed by the Saltus Press, located at 41 Austin Street, Worcester, Massachusetts.

Editor-in-Chief	John Manning
Managing Editor	Dana Straight
Secretary	Joan Bruazis
Treasurer	John Lynch
Feature Editors	Linda Heinold
	Joan Bennet
Sports Editors	John Lynch
	Jean Jackola
Faculty Advisor	Dr. Carleton Saunders

Staff: Foreign correspondent, John Scott; International relations, Donald McGrath, Paul Flynn, Gil Cronin, Paul Mullen; Art, John Kollias; Estelle Connor, Joe Cooney, Margaret Anderson, Mary Lou Dolan, Jacquelyn DeCaire, Jacqueline Elia, Marilyn Kemp, Norman LaPlante, Dottie Leon, Mary Jane McGrail, Joe Montfreido, Mary O'Connel, Pat O'Reilly, Dick Phelps, Helen Fitzgerald, Carol Pikiel, Bridget Quinn, Victoria Jarvis, Betty Looney, Jean Sanders, Theresa Scanlon, Francis Scott, John Westcott, Harry Kimball, Charlotte Ruberti, and Ronald Allen.

Editorial

It has been the custom in recent years for the **Acorn** to devote at least one of its editorials to the question of school spirit. This subject arises from the fact that in recent years the very existence of school spirit has been questionable. We can only hope that the almost imperceptable flame will grow to a raging inferno. The hope that it will is dependent for its fulfillment on the new freshmen especially.

We are students at a rapidly expanding institution, as is especially noticeable to the junior and senior classes who have watched the expansion from the beginning. In a short time, presumably, our first new building will be opened. Plans for a science building at the college have been approved, with construction slated for 1960. The construction of dorms is also under consideration. In future years these factors will determine the course of school spirit. Just as the school grows so should our spirit grow, but it cannot grow as it should unless there is a conscious effort on the part of every student to realize his individual part.

We would like to remind the student body that the **Acorn** is their paper and that it is dependent on them for its news. Anyone who wishes to submit newsworthy articles or any other type of article is welcome to do so. And if there is anyone who has not as yet joined the staff who wishes to do so, there is still time. Information may be obtained from Dr. Saunders or any member of the **Acorn** staff.

Parking Problems:

The problems of student parking seem to have increased despite the efforts of a few to relieve it. We are asked to cut down parking on the streets. We are told not to park in the faculty lot. And there are signs in the "student" lot saying "Use Premises at Own Risk."

The **Acorn** sees no reason why parking stickers could not be given to Seniors in order that they may use the Faculty lot. There is plenty of room for more cars in this lot.

Another solution to relieve the street parking situation is use of the area behind the new building. Tunnel doors are always open for the student to enter the building.

Thirdly, why can't the area designated as Student Lot be graded and leveled to relieve the danger of broken springs and crushed mufflers? Better still, why not pave it?

BOOK REVIEWS

By Dorothy Leon

The Winthrop Woman by Anya Seton.

Factual records cannot give a closer reality to a period as Seaton's fictionized history, **The Winthrop Woman.** This authentic history is a kind of New England epic. It gives a realistic picture of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, its people and its growth. The author quite properly makes the point that the Puritan did not merely instantly spring into being on the Massachusetts shores, rather she designates almost one third of the book showing the background of the English people and explaining the incidents which which led to their migration. Interwoven into the action of the plot is the life story of Elizabeth Winthrop, a niece of Governor Winthrop. It tells of her loves, and their influence upon her life. When she came to the Bay Colony with the other Winthrop women she was already a widow with a young child, and her sister had married the man Elizabeth desired. Reluctantly she married again to Robert Flake. However, this did not last. Her final marriage proved to be the turning point from sorrow to happiness. These incidents make the novel interesting. This book portrays all sides of life. It delves into the hardships these people have to bear. It is not merely a novel based on the surface of what seems to come about by chance.

For anyone who likes suspense and action, **The Winthrop Woman** gives a fine combination of both.

Inside Russia Today

Inside Russia Today by John Gunther is a massive compilation of information about the Soviet Union. Mr. Gunther writes down his views of Russia from experience. It is written in simple language, as if being addressed to people who have never read a word about Russia before. Still it does not slight any of the important events which take place in the Country. The author has some useful things to say about war and peace and coexistence, and he makes important points about the attitudes of some Asian and Middle Eastern countries toward the Soviet Union. However, because of a desire for fairness and balance he does not dwell upon any one

Guest Editorial

Ed. Note:

Mr. Thomas Pulchalsky is a native of Barre, Massachusetts. At the present time he is completing his senior year at Assumption College, where he will receive a Bachelor of Arts in philosophy, his minor being English. He will also receive a teachers' certificate in Gregorian Chant, having studied under Fr. Gilbert Chabot, a leading figure in the music of the Roman Church and of the American Institute of Gregorian Chant.

Mr. Pulchalsky relaxes by reading or playing either the piano or organ, being proficient at both. He is employed by the Church of St. Thomas a Becket as choirmaster and organist. He also devotes much of his time to the Christian Doctrine program of the Church.

The question, "Is The Chicago School Of Literary Criticism Aristotelean?" will be the area of thought explored in Mr. Pulchalsky's thesis.

The severe criticism to which American education has been subjected during the past decade has disposed prominent educators to designate the specific intellectual characteristics which distinguish the educated graduates from the uneducated. The results of their reflection must not be dismissed or depreciated, for they are pertinent to the aims of high education. I wish merely to suggest that the Greek notion of the end of education might present a solution to this problem.

The first component of this ideal is that the educated man be capable of distinguishing those principles which are self-evident from those which are not. That is, that he be able to recognize the problems that must be solved. This may seem rather absurd at first, but Aristotle himself realized that! In his age there were many who claimed to be educated, but who were unable to distinguish a principle from a conclusion, for they attempted to prove what was obvious by what was not.

The second constituent consists of knowing the method proper to each science, for it will reveal the degree of certitude possible in each particular science. For example, one cannot expect the empirical sciences to yield the certitude that the speculative sciences do, for empirical science proceeds by hypothesis, experimentation, and observation, whereas the speculative sciences ordinarily demonstrate their conclusions. The educated man, then, knows the limitations of the various sciences and will not demand of them proofs which they cannot yield. One has only to think of Descartes' application of the mathematical method to the moral science of ethics to grasp the confusion which results when the limits of a method are not realized.

The third element of this editorial requires that the student draw at least a few conclusions from the knowledge he has acquired and that he apply this knowledge. The undergraduate students cannot possess science of the subjects he studies, for this is attained only through more exhaustive and comprehensive study and experience.

These are only three of the most significant aspects of the Greek notion of the end of higher education. I think the graduates who have acquired these three intellectual habits during their undergraduate years will certainly be capable of thinking and ordering their knowledge to its

Current Events

When will the American people become aware of the seething turmoil present within our borders in the form of race and creed injustices? When will steps be taken to corral these feelings of hate?

Orville Faubus is obviously the champion of all hate-mongers alive today. We are well aware of the problem he has created. His kind will not endure forever.

Now emerges upon the scene violence of a different character and caliber, the wanton destruction of places of worship belonging to a particular creed. How far has civilization travelled if situations as those in Atlanta and Peoria can arise? Men, rational creatures it is rumored, perpetrated these deeds and we are members of this grouping of animals.

What type of man can think of destroying the dreams of others? Obviously they are not lunatics for a well conceived plan was drawn up in which no human life would taken by both explosions. Men full of hate and violence, just profitting in the misery of others were the guilty persons.

We cannot hope to halt this stream of violence for its is universal. Recently I heard of the ed bombing in two weeks of a church in Ghana. Legislation cannot hope to control human emotions. This job begins in the very places which are under fire. Man must have faith in something, if only in himself, to be able to exist with others; for without faith his fe is void of all that is good.

Perhaps our society is at fault for raising individuals in such a materialistic world as ours. People today have so much on their minds that a church to them is utrerly worthless. Not all are in this category, however, but violence exists and must be dealt with.

Man must find his faith and this faith will ultimately guide and nuture the finer points of human understanding and teach respect of the rights of others, regardless of race, creed, or social status.

Don McGrath

PRIOR

"I" am your guide, let yourself go and follow me. You have gone into the silence, and are suddenly aware of passing from one space in time to another. You stand beside yourself and see the corporeal body, home of your spirit, sleeping (like when the cat is dead, the mice will run and play).

"A sham"—come, and in an instant you have left your place and are floating along as a cloud does on a summer day. Don't fear you'll fall lest you fall, dispel the thought and see yourself rise. You look down and see the people and that they all seem to have an aura of fear around them, some more pronounced than others, some large some small, some bright some dull. You do not understand but—follow me, continue on.

You do not seem to change but a change seems to have come over everything. You pass on clothed in a new light which seems dull, but gradually is brightening as you progress. You seem to be passing from one plane to another and each is successively brighter. You do not understand but—follow me, continue on.

I anticipate your question—how far can you go on this trip? You are on a plane so fitting with your desires, aspirations, tastes and developments. You have gone as far s you can go. You want to stay, 's like being on cloud nine man." But, our trip is almost over and you must return to your atom of mud." You have progressed just as far as your limitations will allow—you have reached that part of the mid-nite carousel which will be yours when you partake in your make believe trip. "But," beyond this plane are planes after plane the splendors of which man cannot conceive. And, there are likewise many planes around planets and chains of planets and chains of universe and greater chains of these. Our world, our planetary chains, our solar system is liken to a few grains of sand on the beach.

Unless you manage to develop still more and pass on to higher aspirations, thus far you may go but no farther.

"Then what am I—poor mortal thing—lost among all this inconceivable greatness," you cried. You are the most precious thing a living soul, and if you were destroyed the whole system would crumble.

"And beyond this, what is there?" "THE ABSOLUTE," you do not understand!?

Now let's take the elevator down and back to the land of questions. "How many million miles away from earth have we been, and how long were we gone?" You never left the earth at all—and your body was left alone but a moment of time—time and space belong not to this world.

Do you understand now?

cospuas-welcn

Filched from the Bag of Our Teufelsdrockh's

"Many of us would improve our thinking if we were able to relieve our nervous tension and relax. Walking beneath arching skies, under stately pines, through spaces eloquent in their silence, and by singing rivers, soothes and relaxes troubled minds and contrary emotions. Whether one communes with Nature on a serene May morning or in the turbulence of a February snowstorm, one finds Nature a comrade all Sympathetic and all tolerant of one's puny efforts in an unreasonable world.

Peace enters the confused mind when it turns from itself to appreciate the humility of little hills, the assurance of granite rock, and the frivolity of little brooks that one slowly strolls past. Long walks in the great out-doors find one gaining quiet self-assurance from the mysterious seething and oozing forces of Nature."

THE JUNIOR PROM

JOAN BENNET and LINDA HEINOLD
Junior Social Chairmen

On a brisk, autumn night in November, the 14th to be exact, the Class of '60 will hold their Prom "Fiesta" at the Wachusett Country Club. All are invited to join us in a South American atmosphere accompanied by the melodious strains of Perry Conti's orchestra.

In charge of the events are:

SKITS—Richard S. Phelps and Peter C. Cotter.

POSTERS—Irene C. Winski and Anthony N. Falco.

DECORATIONS — John J. Kollias, Joan R. Moreschi, and Kathleen King.

DANCE ORDERS — Estelle Conner and Nicholas DiBuono.

CHAPERONES — Eli R. Haddad and Sandra L. Newton.

ORCHESTRA — Elizabeth A. French and David C. Whelan.

FAVORS — Lucy L. Manning and Dolores A. Orciuch.

QUEEN and COURT — Joyce M. McKeown and Raymond R. Hamelin.

THEME — Joan B. Jakstis and Bridget M. Quinn.

Linda Heinold.

Education

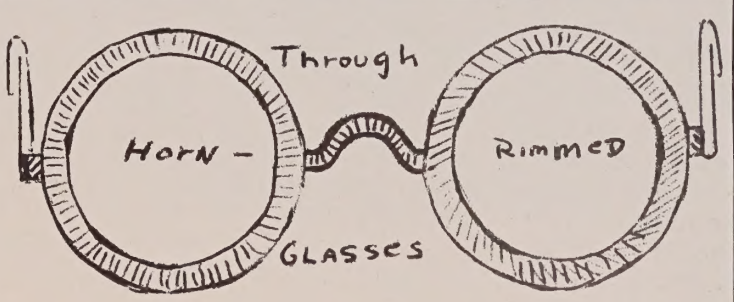
(Continued from Page 2)

program which has been fostered in many institutions of higher learning.

Your writer would be inclined to say that the most important question has been omitted in Mr. Brubacher's discourse. That question being the value of educational programs dealing with how to teach viewed against the problem of what to teach. Some advocates of educational programs claim that with a sound method of education theory being applied, teachers might undertake to instruct in any field. While others say, if you don't know a subject how are you going to teach it.

This is the question which faces the teaching profession today. It is not a simple question to answer, but one requiring both the theory and the experience of teaching before even tentative conclusions can be drawn.

John J. Scott



Around any campus various and sundry types of college students are to be seen. It is not hard to classify these students — as a matter of fact they fall into categories very easily. Here are a few different types — all typical college students.

The Science Major: An aloof person often seen wandering through the corridors muttering to himself. When talked to, this person is apt to look frightened and even startled. He never uses the library.

The English Major: This student usually bespeckled can often be found in almost any library looking up the names of authors she should know. Usually they know an author's full name and at least one fact to be dropped casually.

The French Major: Accustomed to small classes this student sets attentively and doodles time away. He or she generally goes about annoying the student body by recruiting potential linguist.

Typical Elementary: A talkative he or she who is very insistent in showing you his or her collection of the finer things in life—namely hallowe'en masks, dogs, multi-colored signs, monkeys etc., etc., etc. The Elementary Miss or Master is very fond of singing in assembly . . . if the faculty is watching.

Hangover from high school: Lowd!! Evere present in the cafeteria looking for a fourth for Kitty Whist.

Typical Secondary: Subject to change without notice. Puts up a very convincing front of seriousness. Very convincing except to other secondaries. This person is often heard saying, "I know it," when confronted by a statement of fact.

Look carefully! You're bound to find your best friends listed.

Vernon H. Suffield

Junior Prom

November 14

Wachusett Country Club

LEMENTARIES TAKE TITLE

es Win mpionship

ked by the passing of "Fuz" rk of "Nunny" George upset win the college intramural

ship while the sophomores de- feated an opposing sophomore group and the frosh champs.

Time should be taken to con- gratulate the offials, Ron Elkind and Norm Foisy, for the tre- mendous job they did in the cham- pionship game.

POEM

To pass or not to pass: that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to flunk now,
Or wait 'til fortune fails you.
To take up books against your will,
And after gaizng shun them.
To die, to sleep: to sleep, what is that:
Ah the repose that comes at 3 A.M. when studies are subdued:
'Tis an accomplishment devoutly to be wished.
To die, to sleep; perhaps to dream: aye there's the trouble.
Do I recall my French?, history, do I remember thee?:
Must I dream of amoebas, when into sleep I fall?
I wake and once more panic overwhelms me.
For what would I these studies bear,
To grunt and sweat under a stack of books?
Except the dread of failure ever near,
The place from whence no student may return, puzzles the mind,
And makes me bear these courses I now have,
Then to rush to others I know not of.
Thus professors do make cowards of us all.

The Great One

Like Ol' Man River, Ted Williams just keeps going on, and on, and on. He did it again this year. After a bad start the forty-year-old Kid ended up by winning the American League batting championship with an average of .327. This is a far cry from the .406 he hit in 1941, but it was still good enough to take the batting title.

They call him "The King" in Boston, and he is every inch a monarch. You know he's something special as soon as you see him, even if you've never heard the name Williams before. It's in that longlegged stride of his, the curly head held level, looking neither to right or to left as he enters the ballpark. It's the flashy car he drives, the way he swings his bat, the recognition in people's eyes when ever they see him; they may cheer him or they may razz him unmercifully, but they always recognize him. Williams has that elusive quality known as "color." He draws the big crowds. Other ballplayers draw big crowds —they go to see Mantle "hit one," they fill the park to enjoy nice-guy Musial's all-around play, but they go to Fenway just to see Ted Williams. It's worth the trip, even if the Red Sox lose, to see the big man hit with that effortless, beautiful swing of his, sending the ball into left field while he heads for first in giant, loping strides. Many people go to the park specifically to witness one of the 'terrible temper tantrums' he throws occasionally. It's like witnessing the eruption of a volcano—from a safe distance, of course.

Whatever Williams does he does in grand style, no one can deny that. Whether it's expressing his contempt fo a heckling crowd of starting a new drive for the Jimmy Fund, Ted Williams goes all out, entirely unafraid of the consequences or what the newspapers will print the next day. Unfortunately, only the bad items seem to find their way in the headlines.

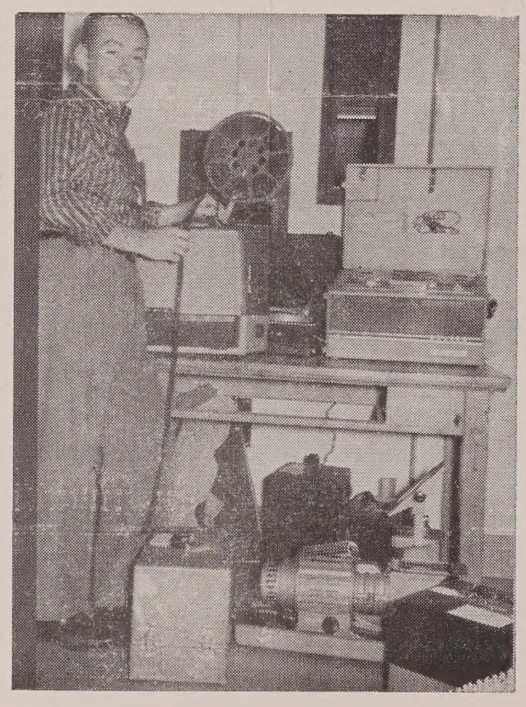
He's the type of man whose looks enslave women, making them act as giddy and young as thirteen-year-olds. I've seen sophisticated ladies sitting in expensive box seats at New York's Yankee Stadium simper and coo, "Yoohoo, oh Teddy Bear!" whenever he passed by them on his way to left field. Men stare at his six-foot four, one hundred ninety-eight-pound build with frank envy.

Those people who regard him with a jaundiced eye—and they are many — because they find him cold, distant, and inhumanly snobbish, never saw him one warm summer day when the parking lot was lined wtih crippled figures in wheel chairs waiting to be wheeled into the ballpark. Bystanders could barely force themselves to look at the maligned, horrible twisted bodies as they sat there in silence, eyes blinking in the sun, hands shaking uncontrollably. Williams was late that day; it was 12:00 and the rest of the players had been in since 11:00. He could have walked past those broken bodies with just a slight nod of the head and they would have been thrilled—but he didn't. He stopped, spoke, shook hands with everyone.

It would be hard to forget the picture of that big, curly-haired man stooping down on one knee beside a wheel chair and talking pleasantly to a lady with legs the size and texture of an elephant.

"How are you, Rose." he asked, and he was not afraid to look at her. That's what makes Ted Williams the King; the great one.

M. E. K.



Jim McGuirk, Junior President of A.V.A. Demonstrates Equipment

One of the many new improvements at W.S.T.C. this year was the reorganization of the Audio Visual Aids Association. In previous years, when a projector or some other piece of equipment was desired, all that was needed was a key to the projection room which could be acquired from the administrative office or the faculty advisor. This system led to much confusion; no one knew just what happened to the equipment, who had used it, or how much any item was used. As a result, some equipment was lost or broken beyond repair. This year, every piece of equipment has been catalogued, thirty-one in all, and for each separate item there is a file card (similar to those which the library uses) which each borrower must sign. In this manner the Audio Visual Aids Association can keep an accurate account of the equipment.

As I have previously stated, there are thirty-one pieces of apparatus available to the student body and faculty. The list includes movie projectors, tape recorders, portable phonographs, slide projectors, opaque projectors and many other useful instruments. This year we have secured a new and very useful projector called a daylight overhead projector. It is very useful in classroom work as notes may be projected on almost any surface while a lecture or discussion is being carried on. Anyone wishing to use this or any other aid I have mentioned should contact the faculty advisor or an officer of the A.V.A.

Pictured above is the president of the Audio Visual Aids Association, Jim McGuirk, demonstrating some of the equipment used by the association.

Us Girls

By now the Freshmen should be thoroughly confused. The Roosevelt administration is noted for its initialed projects — the C.C.C., W.P.A., P.W.A., T.V.A. — but W.S.T.C. is not to be surpassed. We, too, have our A.C.E. (No this is not the **ace** that all whist players here on campus desire in their kitty!) There is the S.C.A., M.A.A., and the female counterpart, W.A.A.

You will hear about the W.A.A. many times before graduation. It is a very active athletic association, composed of representatives from each class. In this way, the board is able to plan activities that are interesting to all. Suggestions should be made to your class representative.

Last year, we enjoyed swimming, tennis, golf, fencing, ,basketball volley-ball, ping-pong, and weekly bowling. Play days were held with Boston, and Bridegwater. Similar activities are planned for this coming year by your board, presided over by Florence, a Junior, who has been active in the association in years, and is very capable of leading us through another successful athletic season. I might add that Florence is a top-notch bowler.

Vice president, Jean Jackola, has been a board member for the past years, and is capable of leadond year in office.

Secretary of the board is Irene Winski. Although Irene is new on the board, she has been very active other years, participating in planned activities. To Irene, a strike in bowling is a common occurence.

Victoria Jarvis again controls the finances. Balancing the budget causes many a headache to many a treasurer. Thnks to Vicki, the W.A.A. is still operating in the black.

Points are earned by participation in the activities and awards are presented at the Annual Award Banquet held in the spring.

We extend an invitation to join us. Meet your fellow classmates and upper-classmen. Don't let the fact that Miss Dorothy Stafford is our advisor frighten you. She leaves her marking book at home. Skill is not a requirement; it is more fun to put the volley-ball through the basketball hoop than over the net. . . .

Jean Jackola

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

BUY U. S.
Savings
Bonds
AND STAMPS

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The Acorn

Vol. XVII | Worcester State Teachers College, Worcester, Mass., Wednesday, May 6, 1959 | No. 3

Revolt Rocks Madagascar

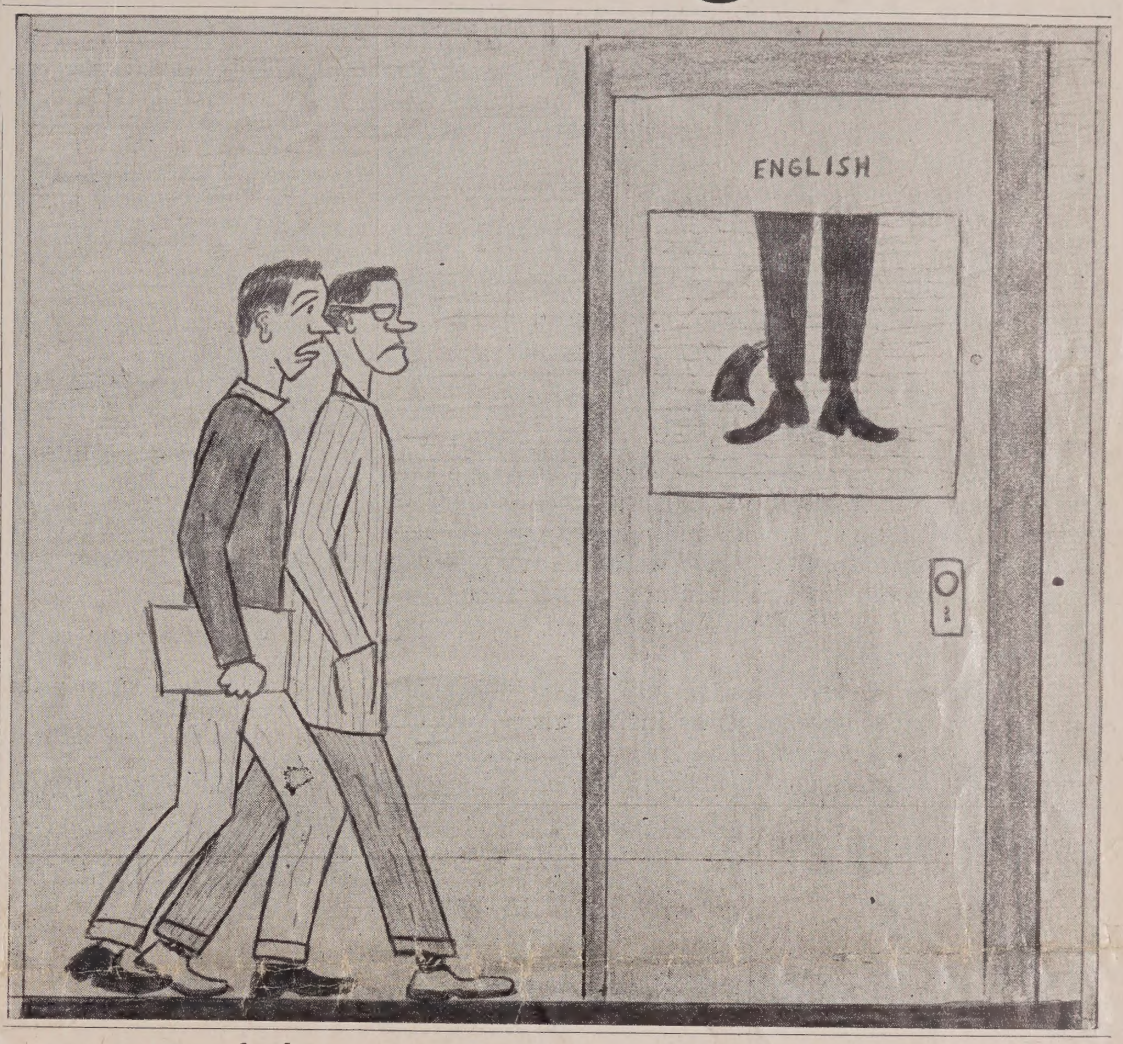
MILLIONS OF MAD MADAGASCANS REVOLT

Tananarive, Madagascar (API)—Today the island of Madagascar was besieged by thousands of troops as Tom Dooley and his horde of ravishing Blue Shirts led a sweeping revolt across the large island. Madagascans, made mad by a desire to gain their freedom, polluted by promises that under the reign of King Tom III they will regain their individualism, are up in arms against the established government.

Due to the recent flood conditions which have devastated the area, it has been speculated that Dooley, an expatriot American adventurer, had it that much easier to stir the Madagascans to revolt. Sweeping down from the mountainous eastern section of the country, where they lived mostly upon the abundant native mangoes and paw-paws, Dooley's troops concentrated their attack upon the top economic industries, hoping in that way to gain quick control of the government. The Madagascan Cement Works in Antisarabe has already been taken over by the Blue Shirts, and fighting has been reported heaviest in the vicinity of Majunga, where the great Malagasy Meat-Preserving Plants are located.

Here in the capital city of Tananarive, citizens are anxiously awaiting the arrival of the rebel army, which is expected to invade these very streets any day now. There are quite active signs that they will be welcomed openly by groups banding themselves together as the Youth for Tom Dooley movement. Several banners have already been strung along the streets bearing the words "We Want Tom."

Rumors that a Communist-inspired counter - revolt has been planned are as yet unconfirmed.



Counter Revolution

Workers of the world, unite! Comrades, we are threatened by a subversive imperialist plot to dominate the world via the island of Madagascar. We must protect this island! Immediately our Great Red Father has benevolently sent tanks, planes, and missiles, in the hands of his most trusted lieutenants, for the purpose of saving the poor, downtrodden masses of Madagascar from total capitalistic destruction. We will prevent them from duping the ignorant peasants with their money, fast cars, and Coca Cola signs. We will set up a People's republic insuring rule of **us,** by **us,** and for **us.** Madagascar shall become the greatest island republic in the world! The people of Madagascar will thank us—or else! No longer will they be exposed to greed, envy, malice, or money, because under our wise rule they shall have nothing to be greedy about—they shall have **nothing;** hence banishing the imperialist evils above.

After all, they will have **us!** We produce the best Sputniks in the world—we may not have incandescent lamps, but we have **sputniks!** Such progress must be extended to the Madagascans, who are very short on Sputniks.

This plot on the part of the capitalist students from the hotbed of Democracy, W.S.T.C., has been cleverly exposed by one of our cell members (cell 109 in Sing Sing), and we shall proceed to beat the American dogs at their own game. Remember, the capitalists are using a known criminal for this foul purpose. This Tom Dooley, a national hero to the imperialist swine, is nothing but a common ladykiller; a murderer .If he were in our country the dirty swine would be mining salt in Siberia—or Party Boss in Moscow. The Madagascans must be saved, if we have to shoot every last one to do it. Comrades, we march on Madagascar tonight!

Soviet Agent X

SPRING

I see a tree with red-brown bud,
A narrow path of murky mud,
A blade of grass that's turning green,
A lily small, a tulip Queen.

I smell the windy, pure, fresh air,
The sweet, keen spice of pine trees rare,
The grasping damp of twilight dew,
The freshening scent of all things new.

I hear the haste of swollen brooks,
The laugh of children, free from books,
From feathered friends the songs that ring:
All these and more to me mean Spring.

CHARLOTTE RUBERTI.

Scoops of the Season

Terry has a gorgeous new mink. New mink!? Well—it's the next thing to it. Besides, who cares if it's mink or raccoon? While Jack Frost is nipping, Terry is toasting in that lovely creation of her grandmother's. What did you say? She has her grandmother's long, black stockings on? Crazylegs! Well, I must inform you that they are leotards or long bright stockings. They are literally **the craze** of the age.

There goes Shaggy Sally slipping into class looking like a toy poodle in her beautiful mohair sweater! What's mohair? Why it's the curly, loopy, fuzzy wool that is just about tops on that well known list called a Fashion Parade.

Are times hard nowadays? Is that the reason for girls walking around in skirts that are frayed at the bottom? Heavens No! That's the latest Fringerie Story which is fabulous. It implies that rich, bold look.

A quick look at Tessie in her Tunic will make one take a second glance. Tessie told me that it was the newest approach to bundling up — You just button it on over a dress or a skirt and sweater and there you are looking warm and dashing.

Here comes Plaid Patty. No, she's really not wearing a blanket! It's just an idea borrowed from a stadium blanket. Patty said that it is a new extravagance for college clothes and the clashier the plaid the better it is. And you better believe it! Patty has just recently received the title of Fashion Queen. Queenie also informed me that the latest in fashion arithmetic was the sweater plus a sweater idea which equals a new fashion hit that's hard to beat.

Great, great grandmother's time is back once again. Yes, the California Gold Rush is upon us once again! Glitter Gurdy told me that the Golden Glow is the latest word this season. The 24K color will be sensational at those big holiday parties that are just around the corner.

If you follow the above tips from our fashion experts, you will without a doubt be head and shoulders over the rest of the crowd. But, remember one thing, you're never completely dressed unless you're wearing a smile!

C.P.

NONCONFORMISTS

Nonconformists pay heed! Are you sick of listening to criticisms of your actions by so-called good citizens. Citizens that do not have the will-power to release their inhibitions, but who practice continual self-denial to please society. If you are disgusted with this type of society go to pier 33 at Las Vegas Harbor and travel to a newly developed society being established right this minute in Madagascar.

The present picture on this exotic island is one of chaos due to the lambasts of nature's cyclones. The financial situation is near panic, not only because of nature, but also because our agents are smuggling contraband onto this glorious island each night from the coast of Africa by the tons.

We have been feeding Madagascans propaganda to condition them from a mind of rest to one of revolt. However we are not just indoctrinating them psychologically but also physiologically, too. Our agents are giving away to each and every Madagascan a free hula hoop. While they are swinging themselves into dizziness that great nonconformist Tom Dooley is evolving a **coup d'etat!**

He has a definite plan of government where the nonconformist is the central figure. He will develop a society where everything goes—no holds barred. A society based on self-preservation and individualism. Tom has a small army of secret service agents who will immediately liquidate any persons who band together and agree on certain subjects. For those that are in agreement are not nonconformists and they are deadly to our peculiar society.

So my comrades, if you are tired of nagging backaches—err. wagging tongues, catch that boat out of Las Vegas and enter a new world where the nonconformist reigns supreme.

The Acorn

The ACORN is a student publication of the State Teachers College at Worcester, Massachusetts, published monthly; it is printed by the Saltus Press, located at 41 Austin Street, Worcester, Massachusetts.

Editor-in-Chief	John Manning
Managing Editor	Dana Straight
Secretary	Joan Bruazis
Treasurer	John Lynch
Sports Editors	John Lynch
	Jean Jackola
Faculty Advisor	Dr. Carleton Saunders

Staff: Foreign correspondent, John Scott; International relations, Donald McGrath, Paul Flynn, Gil Cronin, Paul Mullen; Art, John Kollias; Estelle Connor, Joe Cooney, Margaret Anderson, Mary Lou Dolan, Jacquelyn DeCaire, Jacqueline Elia, Marilyn Kemp, Norman LaPlante, Dottie Leon, Mary Jane McGrail, Joe Montfreido, Mary O'Connel, Pat O'Reilly, Dick Phelps, Helen Fitzgerald, Carol Pikiel, Bridget Quinn, Victoria Jarvis, Betty Looney, Jean Sanders, Theresa Scanlon, Francis Scott, John Westcott, Harry Kimball, Charlotte Ruberti, and Ronald Allen.

Editorial

The end of the year is fast approaching. It is the time of year when we must look back and appraise our accomplishments. Have we to any degree realized our potential and obligatiors as students? Have we come any closer to an understanding of our place as future teachers? And, perhaps most important of all, have we satisfied our personal goals of self-realization?

The answers to these questions are indeed elusive and of paramount importance to us as individuals. Therefore the answers can come from us only as individuals, so that no norms can be set up for our answers beyond ourselves.

RESPECTFULLY YOURS—

Within the past few months a stress has been placed on the position of man with relation to his counterpart, woman. I too, would like to add my humble contribution to the cause. My approach to the question is twofold; one being, men will be men if women will let them be and two, women will be women if men will let them. It has been said many times that women dress like men, smoke like men and even use the same off-color expressions as men. If this be the case, as in many instances it is, let me inject this bit of advice—Speaking purely as a man with ordinary ideas and principles; nothing pleases a man's eye more than a women who is well groomed, nothing is more satisfying to a man's ear than the voice of a woman that speaks intelligently and nothing impresses a man more than a woman with good habits. However, it is wise to remember that anything done to excess becomes obnoxious. In like manner, it might be said; if given the opportunity, or even to make this a bit more emphatic, men should conduct themselves in a manner befitting that station, which is now claimed to be an element of the by-gone days of chivalry. In a sense it would be advantageous to become radical. Let's give all this psychological mumbo jumbo a boot and get down to the base elements of the problem. It all boils down to the fact that a mutual respect among human beings is direly needed today. The first step in this direction is pride in oneself and having this pride one should be individualistic enough to face facts and brave the storm of criticism which will befall him when he dares not do what "the Jones are doing." Let me put it to you in this way; when you (refering to men) wish to make a date with a girl for a rather important occasion; do you chose a girl who is loud, brash, and slovenly in her dress or do you chose the girl who will best make your evening one of enjoyment for the both of you, because she is a neat dresser, is able to speak well (and at the right time), and has a fine personality. You can bet your bottom dollar on it, you are going to choose the girl that best exemplifies your good taste! In like manner, wouldn't you girls prefer a man that will make you appear in others eyes as a person of good taste?

If you don't agree with this article, stop and think for a minute of the many times you have criticised others for their faults, and then, examine your own.

"If one has respect for himself, he will have respect for others."

PAUL LEKSTROM.

Glee Club

The Glee Club, which has been a very active organization this year will present its "Spring Concert" in the Colege Auditorium on Thursday, May 14, 1959 at 8:00 p.m. Judging from the praise the club received for its performance at the Rutland Veterans' Hospital and the splendid program given at the college during the Christmas season, the concert promises to be a success. The program, under the competent direction of Mr. Thomas Carpenter, will include selections from **My Fair Lady** and there will be several solos by members of the faculty and the student body. A pleasant evening's entertainment is promised to all who attend.

The Bored, The Bearded And The Beat

Here we stand, the bored, the beared, and the beat,
Nauseated by this world reeking of conventialities,
With nothing between us and it but our feet.
We are weary by their tedious iterations.
We are cognizant of this terrestial trap.
Existence considered collectively is nothing but Saran Wrap.

We are men who think for ourselves,
Although to the Viceroy we do not adhere.
We perceive ourselves in a stainless steel neighborhood
Where aluminum runs a close second,
And we sit and cry in our beer.

And now the vital forces cry out our anguished state,
The eyes of the populace are blurred by the mist of conventionalism,
For we are not sympathetically appreciated.
They frown on us for we do not exist in conformity with them
And declare this sphere is over estimated.

And so our saga goes on ad infinitum,
Full of mixed emotions only the early can perceive,
For we are the bitter and the beat combined.
We manifest a love for all that's weird
And feel utter disgust for those of us who cannot raise a beard.

SUZANNE ROBINSON.

BOOK REVIEWS

By Dorothy Leon

ANATOMY OF A MURDER
by .
Robert Traver

This novel shows the integrity and strategy of a lawyer, which borders on his experience and knowledge of human nature.

It is a courtroom drama in which Paul Biegler, the former D.A. of Iron Cliffs County, is called upon to defend Lieutenant Manion who was jailed for the audacious murder of Barney Quill.

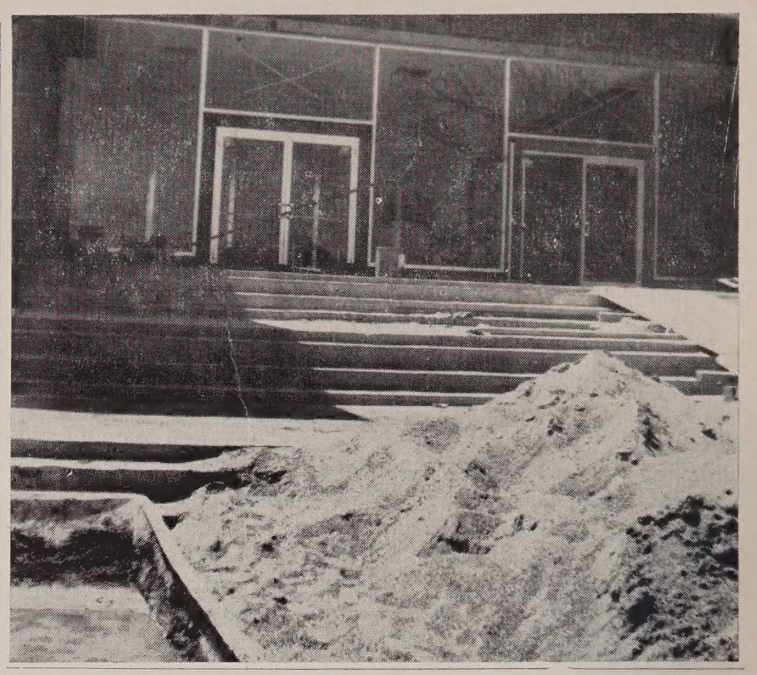
Handling this case could mean a great deal for Paul's upcoming campaign for Congress. Any prestige gained would give an increase to his popularity.

Mr. Traver lets the process of law generate its own excitement. There is rising suspense which is held throughout the entire story. He also sparks the story with a number of romantic details.

For an interesting novel which displays the everyday occurrence of life and law, read **Anatomy of Murder.**

Best Seller List
(from New York Times)

Doctor Zhiwag	—Pasternak
Lolita	—Nabokov
Around the World with Auntie Mame	—Dennis
Women and Thomas Harraw	—Marquand
Anatomy of a Murder	—Traver
The Best of Everything	—Jaffe
Angelique	—Galon
Exodus	—Uris



W. A. A.

All women in the college are members of the W.A.A. upon payment of the Student Activity Fee. The club initiates many activities during the year and all girls are invited to participate in them. This year the W.A.A., together with the M.A.A., sponsored a "Victory Dance", which was held in the new student lounge. For those who attended, no more needs to be said; to those who were unable to attend, "You missed a great time."

During the past two years, the W.A.A. has made it possible for the girls at the college to take courses in such sports as golf, swimming, and dry skiing. In addition, many girls have developed an accurate eye for knocking down pins due to the fact that bowling, which is very popular sport today, is also sponsored by the W.A.A. A bowling tournament will be held very shortly and we hope to see many girls enter.

The officers and board members hope that more girls will participate in these activities. Taking part in W.A.A sponsored activities earns a point toward the privilege of attending the Father and Daughter banquet, which has always been tremendously successful. We hope to see you and your dad at this gala function.

Secretary—W.A.A.
Irene Winski.

Association for Childhood Education

The Association for Childhood Education is a professional organization for future kindergarten, primary, and elementary teachers.

Our Student Association for Childhood Education has two outstanding projects each year in addition to many social meetings and events. One project to which we look forward is the International Conference each Spring, which is attended by delegates from the club. Our other very important project is to send deserving children to the Fresh Air Camp during the summer months.

Annual events, to mention a few, include a food sale, Christmas party, Whist Party, and our big event, the Mother Daughter Banquet. The girls are looking forward to this year's banquet which will be held on April 7th at the Fairbrook Country Club in Holden. Dr. and Mrs. Carleton Saunders will provide the entertainment with dramatic readings and songs.

Secretary—A.C.E.
Lauraine Longval

International Relations Club

On February 13, 1959, the International Relations Club was honored to have as its speaker Mr. Roy Williams, who is at present, Honorary President of the Associated Industries of Massachusetts.

Three years ago, during the Labor Day weekend, Mr. Williams was contacted by the State Department to head the Bureau of Trade Fairs.

He described the Trade Fair Program of the United States and discussed a few of the larger fairs; there were thirty-five such fairs in all.

In conclusion, Mr. Williams stated that through such programs, the United States is gaining, propaganda-wise, in the "Cold War." A true insight into our American culture is being given, both to our European allies and to the uncommitted countries throughout the world.

Secretary—I.R.C.
Linda Heinold

Dear Willie

Dear Willie:

I am a young man who is not married. Our section has a bowling team and I am on it. One of the guys on the team is married and asks everyone on our team to say he is single when we go to bowl.

He has a couple of girls in love with him and he is still looking around. Should I continue to lie for him, tell the girls the truth or what? I feel like a rat and it is affecting my average.

Free Hour Bowler.

Dear Bowler:

Tell your bowling buddy that bearing false witness is not up your alley. Recommend that he lay it on the line without the curves, or do it for him.

Better yet, you can raise your scoring to an alltime high by exploiting the situation, not exposing it. Keep your buddy's secret and let him cultivate the field. Then, at just the right moment, let each of his conquests know the truth about him—and offer your uninvolved self in his place.

Dear Willie:

I'm a high-class Junior girl, 21, and considered very attractive. Please understand that under ordinary circumstances I'd never have allowed myself to be picked up, but this particular evening it was raining very hard.

I was standing in front of school waiting for a bus when a good-looking senior asked if I'd like a ride home. Well to make a long story short, we had supper at the Normandy and from there he took me parking. We stayed up almost all night talking. He knew a lot about Burton, Shakespeare, and motivation.

I fell for him awfully hard and was so certain this was the real thing that I let my heart run away with my head.

He promised to call me in a few days but he hasn't kept his word. It's been two weeks now and I can't understand it. Is it possible that something terrible happened?

Let Down.

Dear Let Down:

In my book, something wonderful happened. You had a lovely evening with a charming guy. Stop moaning and pray for more rain.

Dear Willy,

I am a hunting enthusiast. When the season opened January 1st, 1959, I went out. Been out ever since and haven't cought a thing, 'cept a 'ed cold. Any suggestions?

Bumptiously,
Backwards Bertha

Dear BB,

I can never blame a girl for trying, but you can't get a man with a gun!

Dear Willy,

I have five boy friends. They're always bothering me! What shall I do?

Aggie Tated.

Dear AT,

Frankly, madam, I don't see your problem!

Dear Willy,

I am 65 years young. My fiancee is 17. Do you think she is too young for me?

A.A.

Dear AA,

Definitely not! Catch 'em young, treat 'em rough, and tell 'em nothing!

Dear Willy,

Lately I have found that the phrase "A horse! A Horse! My kingdom for a horse!" has disturbed me strangely. Please tell me what I should do.

Perplexed,
C. Biscuit.

A MAN'S WORLD?

Recently I heard someone say that the world today is a man's world. This is often the object of joking, the old story of the battle of the sexes and so forth. But actually this poses a very interesting question: Is it a man's or woman's world?

Today men and women seem to have almost equal opportunities in education, business, politics and other every day affairs. The old idea of a woman's place being in the home has apparantly been abandoned by a large percentage of women. Men and women in the business world seem to work together very harmoniously. Women have taken over positions previously held only by men, and the men have accepted the fact that they are often quite capable. However, sometimes women let such success go to their heads by trying to do some jobs which should be left only to men and can best be done only by men.

This question however, goes much deeper than that of social positions. The first of the human race, Adam, was created in all human perfection, but because he was lonely Eve was created as his companion. The two complemented each other, and so this pattern has followed up to the present time.

A man is regarded as the bread winner, the head of the family and the stronger sex. A man by nature takes a superior position but this does not imply that he is of the superior sex. The ancient Spartans regarded the male as the superior sex and so often they left female babies to die. The ancient Chinese set female babies adrift if they could not support their large families. But this is not to be confused with the idea of man's superior position. A woman delights in looking up to a man whether she admits it or not. He takes a position which women respect, admire and love. It is a position which they themselves cannot maintain. Those women who try are inevitable failures and they also sacrifice a great deal of their femininity in their attempt. A man is the ideal for which women were created. Women on the other hand have also a definite role which can be fulfilled only by them and which they must take care to uphold.

The Nomads of the East regard a woman as the "little gazelle," the Japanese call her "plum blossom" and in the Book of Proverbs she is "dearest hind and most agreeable fawn." These expressions seem to put her on a pedestal. This pedestal only has meaning if she has been placed on it by a man. It has been said that the world is quite a bit what women make it. Man has the superior position and though the role of the woman is perhaps more subtle it is equally important. She can be comfort and encouragement and understanding. A woman can be an inspiration because she has been endowed by nature with the ability to inspire. This is one of her greatest assets. Whether or not she uses or even realizes this potential is an individual problem. The happiness which she can create in a man by her inspiration is also the happiness she creates for herself. I also heard said that woman's only purpose is for the procreation of the human race. This is completely absurd. Procreation is the responsibility of both sexes, neither being simply an instrument of the other.

It seems now that the primary question has not yet been answred. But actually the only answer is that it is a man's and woman's world together. Men without women would become rough and hard and women without men would have no reason to even be. It is not even a 50-50 world, it is 100-100.

PATRICIA O'GRADY.

'HANG DOWN YOUR HEAD'

It's an injustice, a down right, cheap injustice! My pal didn't do what that song says he did. I'm not saying he wouldn't take a lady's life. Admittedly, if he had committed the dirty deed he wouldn't use a knife—that's absurd — his specialty is a sawed-off shotgun.

I've got definite proof that my pal was framed. You see he never was very smart, the real killer knew this and lured him to the mountain top in the pretense of an abundant supply of eagles' eggs in the area. In case you didn't know, my pal has a terrible craving for eagles' eggs—scrambled. Meanwhile the true villain, Grayson was his name, had doubled back to the ranch, formed a posse, and brought my pal to jail—minus the eagles' eggs.

If I may diverge, there is a great line of philosophy in the song, and my pal must be bursting with pride for devulging it to the public. This wondrous and majectic statement is "Poor boy, your bound to die." It must have taken a genius to develop that theory. However, it is plagerized from Benjamin Franklin. Even though he left out the part about taxes, he couldn't fool me.

Well let me just say my pal is lucky. The day of the hanging, they seated my pal on a great distance runner named Silver. The hangman tied the knot around my pal's neck and slapped the horse —there went my pal, free as an eagle looking for her eggs. Apparently instead of using the traditional hangman's knot, the poor chap had tied a slip knot.

Well, my pal didn't know what to do, he started back here to school but the posse had him headed off at the pass; so he fled to the border. He found the Taxes border crawling with rangers. Being extremely cunning, my pal headed westward until he came to Arizona. Since it only has twenty-six rangers he easily slipped across the border.

My pal sauntered into Tijuana and I guess you know what happened. There will be a collection box in the smoker, and as soon as five-hundred dollars is raised I can bail him out and send him to Madagascar where he has been offered a job to teach the fine art of pouring tea at Madagascan State Teachers Colleges.

Dear C. B.,

I suggest that you investigate your ancestry!

Dear Willy,

My friends tell me that I am very attractive. When I walk down the street people say "Who is She?" Why is this?

Doubtfully yours,
Delectable Dolores.

Dear D. D.,

You can just be "darn" glad they don't say "What is She!"

A teacher effects eternity; he can never tell where his influence stops. **HENRY ADAMS**

CASTRO AT WSTC

The bearded, fatigue hatted rebel, Castro, found his way to Worcester Feb. 1959. You may have seen him walking down the halls on his way to Miss Dowden's world affairs class for freshmen. Miss Dowden was quite surprised to have the privilege of supervising Castro's interview.

The panel consisted of four F-8 freshmen and one F-3 freshman.

Introduced the panel as follows: John Cameron Swayze (George Stowe), David Brinkley ( ), Chet Huntley ( ), Edward R. Murrow ( ), and ( ). Evidently Castro had never heard of Mass. State fire laws because he arrived sporting a two peso Havana cigar.

1. What were your reason's for starting your revolution?

Ans. This is not my revolution, it is a revolution of Cuba's democratic loving people. I started this revolution to build up my people's standard of living.

2. Was this your first revolutionary attempt?

Ans. NO, Santiago was my first attempt. I was sentenced to a year in prison.

3. Does that have any significance towards your arm band?

Ans. Yes, we call it the 26 of July revolt.

4. How long has the fighting in the hills been going on?

Ans. For about two years.

5. Could you give us some reason's that your revolt was successful?

Ans. There were four main reasons.

1. Batista's govt. was corrupted.
2. I had control of the islands' transportation.
3. Many of the labor unions were restless.
4. Our guerilla fighting killed many of Batista's men.

6. Where did all your supplies and weapons come from?

Ans. We stole some from army posts and smuggled some in from foreign countries.

7. You kidnapped U. S. sailors yet you said if we send in U. S. marines "200,000 gringoes will die." Is that true?

Ans. Next time I will be more careful when I speak to reporters.

8. What do you plan to do about the sugar crop?

Ans. I promised that the sugar crop would be harvested which it will be. About 50 sugar mills are working now. As soon as railroad and bridges are rebuilt the sugar will be harvested.

9. What are your views on foreign investments?

Ans. Foreign investments will be welcomed and well treated. Industry will not have to pay bribes as it did to Batista's govt.

10. What do you have to say about these murders? A New York congressman stated, "In 1898, we did not send Gen. Leonard Wood and Teddy Roosevelt to rescue Cuba from Spanish oppression only to have that unhappy country now plunged into a blood bath."

Ans. These people killed 20-40 persons each and they ask us to be humane. We are not murders.

11. How many followers of Batista do you intend to kill?

Ans. We will execute all that deserve it.

12. How much money is estimated taken by Batista?

Ans. About 5 or 6 million dollars.

13. How do you expect to run your govt. with no money?

Ans. We have taken 3 million dollars in advance from U. S. businessmen.

International relations were slashed somewhat when David Tarkianin asked, "Mr. Batista, err sorry, Mr. Castro, what do you have against razor blades and a change of clothes style." His reply was a firey out burst, " ," which translated means

The whole interview lasted 40 minutes, and it was folowed by a few questions (some unanswered) from the attending students. Castro ended his interview by presenting the panel 4 cigars excluding (David Tarkianin).

JACK WESTCOTT.

The Wicked Weed

Well, frens, and I say frens, becuz nobuddy's gonna tell me who my frens are—as I was sayin'—Ya cain't trust a woman. Here's this pore boy, Phil Morse, been slavin' like a dawg all week, an' he's a lookin' forward to the big Sattidy nite danse. So this chere lad puts on his fanciest duds and starts a walkin', dreamin' all the time about his best gal Reefer Mae. Now this Reefer Mae, she don't cotton none to no dansin' partner o' hers smellin' like a farmboy, so Phil is real careful crossin' the fields.

An' alluva sudden hit starts a comin' down, a gap swishin' and a gulley washin', but our boy Phil trudges on. 'Bout this time he's really feelin' miserbul, an' he starts to think o' how good a pipeful o' his home grown tobaccy would be, an' he pulls out the little pouch that his Maw made for him (afore she got shot by the revenooers) and sheds a tear for his Maw and starts to shake out some tobaccy, but the wind blew and the tobaccy flew, an' thar was pore Phil with not even a pot to—that is, er, a pipe to puff on. Well 'long 'about now he 'members an' old stoppin' off place that should be nice an' dry, an' maybe he could get a little tobaccy thar, so he trudges ever on, until he sees a small group o' the saddest lookin' critters ya ever seen in your whole life. Thru the weepin' an' the wailin' Phil heard somebuddy say, "Hit's been condemned. The S-man said we ben aboosin' hit an' he locked it up."

Well now, Phil had some schoolin' an' he knowed that hit's not what ya say that counts, hit's what ya. do. So he got all them peepul to promise to come back the next day and help fix hit up, an' they did, an' hit was, an' the door was opened to all who helped keep it that way. But to get back—by the time Phil got to the danse that nite, Reefer Mae was holdin' hands with King Sano—said she liked cool cats—So frens, as I allus say —Ya cain't trust a woman.

In Defense of the Board

The trouble with the clean-shaven, red-blooded, All-American boys of today is the fact that they're so clean-shaven, red-blooded, and All-American! Wouldn't it be nice to incorporate a continental air into the hearty, business-like, slap-on-the-back approach used by U. S. males in their business life? F'rinstance, since this is a professional school, wouldn't it be grand, girls, if you met a prospective employer in the principal's office and, instead of pumping your hand up and down, he bowed suavely and kissed it? Wouldn't it give you a thrill? And just think of the better results he'd find in your application of teaching. A happy faculty makes for better teaching, you know.

Social life could be helped by this, too. A little continental love-making would be a welcome relief from the hot, grabbing males you have to fight off in a parked car. and the results are even better, boys, but let's not go into that.

Now, how do you go about learning how to be continental? That's easy, you just **feel** continental. One way to help might be to grow a beard. Van Dyke or a la Fidel it doesn't make any difference. Choose the one that fits your personality. Beards are wonderful things that way; they can adapt to you, or you can adapt to them to suit your needs. They have the remarkable ability to make the strong man appear gentle and the weak man appear strong. They are aides, not encumberances, to personality.

They are also definitely masculine. How many bearded ladies do you know, except for the ones in the circus or Greenwich Village? That's one field in which women will never successfully compete with men.

Now that I think of it, it wouldn't be a bad idea if these young singing idols i.e. Frankie Avalon, Fabian, Jerry Lee Lewis, cut that terrible excess of hair off the top of their heads and let it grow on their chins. Can't you just picture the Everly Brothers sporting Van Dykes? You'll have to admit that would be an improvement.

Unfortunately, people today are too prone to mark a beard as being the sign of a Beatnik or a Communist. But if you could put up with those implications you might find a certain inner satisfaction in wearing a well-groomed goatee. Especially you boys with brown eyes. There's nothing like a good beard to set off the tragic wistfulness of brown eyes. Women can't resist men with that mysterious air of having a past. Blond beards give a particularly Nordic aspect of vibrant health and swaggering masculinity to the men who wear them, and those lucky redheads who can raise a red-gold beard connote the mad genius of a sensual Van Gogh.

But whatever the color, a beard is the mark of a man, symbolic of the physical (at least) superiority of men. It can be primitive in nature or it can be devastatingly civilized. For that erudite, debonair sophistication of a true man-about-town, nothing helps like a beard.

M.E.K.

Bulletin for Juniors

Woeful lamentations, bemoaning the cruelties and adversities of life can be heard nearly everywhere that a group of juniors can be found in a huddle. After having subjected the junior elementaries to merciless taunting, badgering, and derisive remarks last semester, the secondaries have discovered, much to their despair, that the "tables are turned." Cheer up, fellow sufferers; as I hear it, this is merely the beginning, a sort of initiation period for what is yet to come! Testing your power of observation: have you noticed that from Monday to Thursday there are but fourteen members of the female species to be found among the junior class? The other lassies, along with a sizable number of the stronger sex, have departed, filled with confidence and fortitude (?), to demonstrate their talents on "front lines." Armed with Burton and the inevitable flannel board, and thoroughly indoctrinated with "the qualities necessary to be a good teacher, core-curriculum planning, the importance of motivation," etc. etc., they have bravely set out on the most important part in the teacher-preparation program. Our good luck wishes and sympathy go with them. It won't be too long before we secondaries wil have our opportunity to "revolutionize education"—I shudder at such a thought.

Meanwhile, we have not been "resting on our laurels" and, unbelievable as it may be, plans are being made for our yearbook. Our co-editors, George Fargo and Victoria Jarvis, have named the following people to serve as co-chairmen on committees:

Photography: Dolores Orciuch and James McGuirk
Literary: Marilyn Mellen and Richard Phelps
Sports: Richard Brierly and Charles George
Art: Dorothy Nanchu and John Kollias
Documentary: Estelle Connor and Shirley Smith
Business: John Lynch

Although to most of us, it may seem early to be thinking of a yearbook, past experience has proven that the task of organization involved requires considerable time. The Art staff, in particular, would like the cooperation of all the juniors in handing in candid shots as soon as possible in order that the number of pages can be estimated. Let's profit by the mistakes of preceeding classes and not be procrastinators. Snap shots may be given to Dorothy Nanchu or John Kollias. I'm certain that under the able guidance of Dr. William Sullivan, yearbook adviser, we are sure to produce a commendable book.

That's about it for this issue; now, let's see—"the characteristics of educative experience," hmmm?

E. C.

Theme Songs

"All My Love"—Coach Eager to the basketball team when they win.
"Lonesome Town"—The Library.
"Won't You Play A Simple Melody"—Number 10.
"Bewitched, Bothered, and Bewildered"—Freshmen.
"Six Nights A Week" — Where shall we go tonight?
"All Through the Day" — Study! Study! Study!
"Where in the World"—Did I lose my homework?
"Are You Sincere"—A test tomorrow?
"Let's Take An Old Fashioned Walk"—To the cafeteria.

LANCERS OPEN SEASON AGAINST BOSTON

Coach John Mockeler has hopes of improving last year's record of 5 and 3 with a "pretty fair" club this year. The team seems to have more defense than in the past and this coupled with the good hitting that the team should have can make for an interesting season.

Co-captains this year are Ron Elkind, last year's leading hitter with a .406 average and leading pitcher with a 4 and 0 record, and Norm Foisy, who last year hit .348 and pitched two or three tight ball games. Other returning veterans include shortstop Fuz Fusaro, who hit .385, outfielder Terry O'Hara, an even .300 hitter, and Frank D'Elia, who alternates between the outfield and first base. Also reporting were catcher Ed King, Gerry Coleman, Happy Hargrove, and Ron Spekauskas.

A good freshman crop is expected to bolster the championship hopes of the **Lancers.** Billy Leach, an outstanding catcher from North Brookfield High, can combine good defensive ability with excellent offensive potential. Others include Mike King, who'll probably open at second, Dick Denechaud, a defensive genius at third, Harold Frazier, Billy Coonan, Ron Ethier, Ham Lincoln, Bob Avolazi, and pitchers Mitch Phillips and Billy Cronan.

The schedule includes a new face in Johnson, Vt. Teachers. The **Lancers** played them three years ago when Johnson had a "very good squad." Lowell will be out to defend its championship and will be led by an old nemesis in Leo Parent. Other strong opposition should be encountered at Willimantic.

The schedule:

April 29	—At Boston	
May 1	—Johnson	(Oval)
May 6	—Fitchburg	(Logan)
May 8	—Assumption	(Oval)
May 11	—Lowell	(Lake)
May 12	—At Fitchburg	
May 14	—At Willimantic	
May 18	—Keene	(Logan)
May 19	—Boston	(Logan)
May 21	—At Keene	
May 26	—At Lowell	

I. E. L.

Faculty Faults

Drink! Drink! Wash away all thought
Which threatens to destroy that peace
You seek, that calm security.
Speak not! This vapid water carries far the sound
And rushes danger back.
Regard the fate, trust not the friend,
And drown all violent thought.
Canaille! But you can bear that name
And rise above the crowded seas
To lap upon some far-off land
Ruled by conformity.

The "Acorn" would like to keep the students abreast of what is going on in the various clubs and organizations in the school and would appreciate the cooperation of the secretaries of these clubs in helping us to do so, by submitting, from time to time, a brief article on the activities of your particular organization.

These "special interest" clubs are formed to "meet the needs and interests of the students", and yet, active participation is relatively low as compared with the size of the student body in the school. In the hope that the reason for this is not lack of interest or spirit but, rather, a lack of sufficient knowledge as to what are the specific functions planned by these organizations. We hope that this series will result in an increased enthusiasm on the part of the student body in supporting these extra-curricular activities.

The Acorn

Vol. XVII | Worcester State Teachers College, Worcester, Mass., Monday, June 1, 1959 | No. 4

ONE HUNDRED TWENTY-FOUR GRADUATE JUNE SEVENTH

To Whom It May Concern

"People who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones"

After the last edition of the "Acorn" had been distributed, several students were making derogatory comments about it. Granted—some of these complaints were justifiable. More frequently though, those people who were quick to criticize others were those who had done little, if any, work to improve it.

Time and time again, our editor, Mr. Manning, has practically pleaded with the staff and the student body to submit more material. As it is now, he is, almost singlehandedly, producing the paper and instead of gratitude, he is the butt of all criticism. Needless to say, in spite of his efforts, a paper, even a school paper, requires the cooperation of the staff and student body. Some people have wondered why it is difficult to obtain material for the paper since the staff is a fairly large one. If everyone did his share, there would be no problem. Others have suggested that there be a delegate appointed in each section to write up the events, both social and academic, is his respective section. In my opinion, this is the most practical suggestion that has been made. The student body, as a whole,

(Continued on Page 6)

ACORN BANQUET

On Tuesday evening, May 15, the annual **Acorn** banquet was held at Thompson's Steak House. Following the dinner, a business meeting was held.

It was announced that the present officers had been re-elected for the school year 1959-1960. These are: John Manning, Editor-in-Chief; Dana Straight, Managing Editor; Joan Brauzis, Secretary; John Lynch, Treasurer.

Following this announcement awards were presented to members of the staff who had contributed outstanding service to the **Acorn** during the past year. Gold pins of membership to the Colum-

(Continued on Page 6)

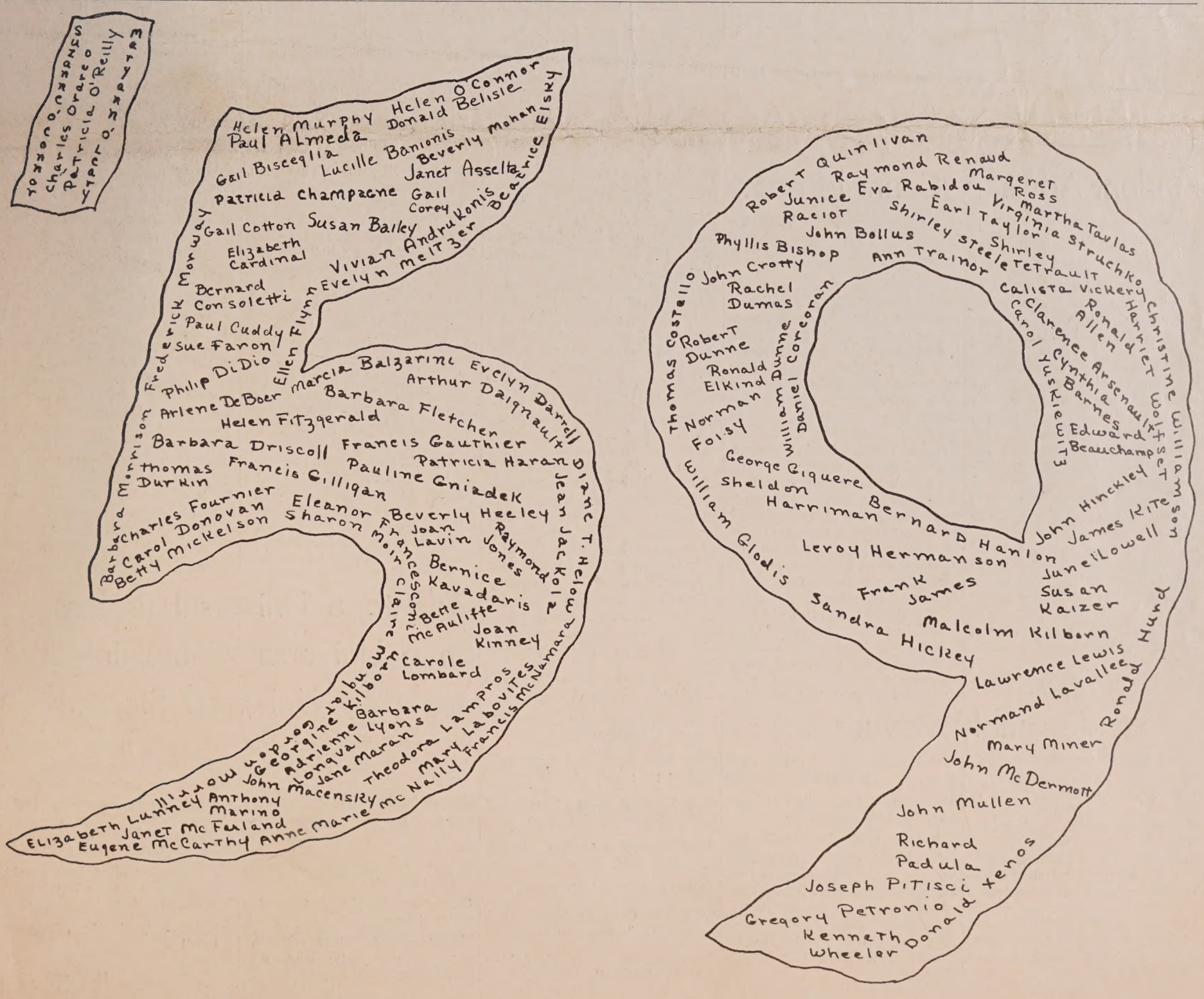
Congratulations Seniors!

On the afternoon of April 17, 1959, the entire student body and faculty attended a ceremony at which the seniors were the center of attraction, envied by all underclassmen. This Cap and Gown Ceremony, customarily held early in October, was postponed until the Spring this year because of the incomplete construction work in the "new" building. As it has been the tradition on this day, the seniors donned their academic robes for the first time and undoubtedly many of them realized, also for the first time, that after all the toil, they were rapidly nearing the end of their college days and were about to embark upon their careers as teachers.

This year's class was the first to hold its ceremony in the new gymnasim. Parents and friends were seated in the gymnasium, their faces beaming with pride and rightfully so. Clad in traditional black robes, the seniors marched through the center of the gymnasium to the familiar strains of "Pomp and Circumstance." Anxiously, they held their academic caps in their left hands.

The opening service was con-

(Continued on Page 7)



The Acorn

The ACORN is a student publication of the State Teachers College at Worcester, Massachusetts, published monthly; it is printed by the Saltus Press, located at 41 Austin Street, Worcester, Massachusetts.

Editor-in-Chief	John Manning
Managing Editor	Dana Straight
Secretary	Joan Bruazis
Treasurer	John Lynch
Sports Editors	John Lynch
	Jean Jackola
Faculty Advisor	Dr. Carleton Saunders

Staff: Foreign correspondent, John Scott; International relations, Donald McGrath, Paul Flynn, Gil Cronin, Paul Mullen; Art, John Kollias; Estelle Connor, Joe Cooney, Margaret Anderson, Mary Lou Dolan, Jacquelyn DeCaire, Jacqueline Elia, Marilyn Kemp, Norman LaPlante, Dottie Leon, Mary Jane McGrail, Joe Montfreido, Mary O'Connel, Pat O'Reilly, Dick Phelps, Helen Fitzgerald, Carol Pikiel, Bridget Quinn, Victoria Jarvis, Betty Looney, Jean Sanders, Theresa Scanlon, Francis Scott, John Westcott, Harry Kimball, Charlotte Ruberti, and Ronald Allen.

EDITORIAL

In a few short days the lists of Worcester State Teachers College will be diminished by one-hundred and twenty-four students. The ranks of the teaching profession will have been swelled by these young men and women, prepared and eager to take on the responsibilities of their new profession, a profession for which they have spent four years of study.

The ACORN, on behalf of the student body, wishes to express sincere good luck to each and every member of the graduating class. We wish to thank the seniors for their invaluable help which they have extended to all of the other classes on innumerable occasions, and for the fine example they have set for the rest of the student body.

May your experiences in teaching always be worthwhile and satisfying. Good luck to you all.

Student Advisory Council Report

The Student Council began its year with the distribution of the student handbook and identification cards to all the students. This system of admittance to college activities has been in vogue for four years.

During the next few meetings the discussions of the council were concerned with the approval of the budget. Club treasurers and members of the finance committee found themselves in a fiery debate over the budget. Many of the school organizations asked for an increase in their allotment, but because of a lack of funds the council could not allocate it to them. Next year the clubs will be faced with an even more acute problem, as the operating costs of the clubs are expected to be considerably higher. The recent defeat of the bill to increase the student activity fee has not helped the situation. Both times that this bill has been put to a student vote it has been defeated by sixteen votes.

Next year the council encourages all students to discuss the budget with their representatives so that they will have some indication of how the students feel about the allocating of the student activity funds.

The remaining part of the year found the council supervising club and class elections, selling stationary, and planning the annual All-College dance.

The present Student Council is entertaining a motion to change the constitution. The factors prompting this change are: Enlarged enrollment, Greater diversification of activities, and the conflicting schedules of members. Because of these factors the S. A.C. feels that the method of elections presently employed, that of floor nominations, is no longer feasible and recommends that some change be effected.

Assembly Revues

The Assembly Committee should be commended for their splendid work in presenting programs of interest to all. Particularly outstanding presentations included the appearance of Lt. Commander Larson from N.A.S. So. Weymouth. His phenomenal arrival and departure captured the attention of everyone at W.S.T.C. and all in the surrounding area. The account of his expedition and the slides shown captivated the interest of all in the audience.

And of course, who will ever forget the rollicking program on the day that the basketball team from Ecuador visited us?

On the professional side, Mr. John McGrail spoke to the juniors and seniors on the reasons and requirements for certification, answering many of the perplexing questions in their minds. Other programs listed promise to be equally entertaining and informative.

A Rendezvous with Chemistry

The other night ('twas half past ten)
I was reading my Chemistry over again.
As I raised the book to the level of my nose,
My lids slowly dropped and came to a close.
When I opened my eyes,
They met with surprise,
For there on the table, laughing with glee,
Two little atoms were looking at me.
One looked imposing, with wealth he could spare,
The other seemed poor, with noth- to share.
They sat and they giggled, and addressing me,
They spoke together in harmony.
They told me the history of their whole family life,
And of chemical subjects which were causing me strife.
They taught me all that I needed to know,
They made Chemistry seem a marvelous show.
Then suddenly they rose, waved good-bye,
And grasped hands as if ready to fly.
Like lightning a flash shot through the air,
And on the spot where they stood, only space was there.
They left forever, they never returned,
But I thank them for most of the facts I've learned.

CHARLOTTE RUBERTI

Just a Thought

Life is a complexity. I sometimes think that living should be easier to understand. Actually it is but a symbol of darkness. How can we, with our limited reasoning power fully define this mystery? Is the true meaning found in the warmth of a spring day, or in the sunlight itself? Perhaps it would be the feeling of contentment with a job well done. Can happiness really be bought or sold at the expense of someone else? Do we, as future teachers, feel our goal is attained when we receive our diploma? I feel that there is no definite answer to any of these questions. The nearest one can get to the piecing of this enigma is through love. For we are merely puppets on a stage, being guided and directed by someone pulling the strings. What will happen when the strings break? I think then the darknes will turn into a brighter light.

DOROTHY LEON.

Theme Songs

"Sometimes" — The smoker is opened.

"Turn Me Loose"—I don't want to go to assembly!

"The Things We Did Last Summer" ! ! !

"The Loveliest Night of the Year" —Sophomore-Senior Prom.

"Just One More Chance"—Senior Final Exams.

"Always You"—Final Exams.

"May The Good Lord Bless and Keep You"—Baccalaureate.

"Too Marvelous For Words" — Close of School!

Faulty Faults

Many years ago a poor scholar by the name of Alex Pope, speaking as the oracle of his age, stated that "what is, is right." By this statement, in its context, Alex was stating his belief that man should not question his position in the scale of life, should not question why he is not greater than the angels nor baser than the beasts in the fields. Man is, says Pope, what he is, and he should make the most of what he is.

I would not wish to argue the advisability of man's seeking that which of itself is beyond his reach, but certainly it is within man's province to find out where he does stand in the scheme of existence —if indeed there is such a thing as an intelligible "scheme" to existence. "What is, is right," but just what is what?

In the modern age of psychological questioning we cannot escape this search for knowledge of the self, and of man in general. We must **find** ourselves before we can hope to **realize** ourselves. We must know ourselves before we can be content with our lot. And to this end we have been struggling with dillusions, frustrations, and neurosis—all of which work one against the other so that finally we became disillusioned, frustrated, and neurotic —until we understand our needs, imperative and otherwise.

The first thing we must do, if we are to realize our place in life, is to find a purpose to life. But can we do this beyond saying that the real purpose of life is living? We poor humans are able to "understand" the living of life if not life itself. And since we should not question those things which are beyond our comprehension, then we must content ourselves with the simple and natural pleasures of our everyday life. Let us leave questions of ultimate good and evil. The origins of life, the divine plan, religion itself, to that "Unconscious Id" which precipitated the Unknown Plan. Let us content ourselves with seeking the satisfactions which are tangible, which we can feel and experience.

One of the basic tenets of the down-to-earth philosophy of Existentionalism is that man is responsible only to himself. This is easily agreed upon when we consider thoughtfully the egoistical tendencies of all men. For no person has even done anything unless it were for the benefit of his selfish ego (and I do not say "selfish" disparagingly), no matter how well the ego satisfaction motive be disguised by high-sounding terms such as love, pity, self-sacrifice, courage, or a myriad of others. Take, for example, the "courageous" soldier who "gives his life for his comrades." When stripped of the disguise of courage his motive stands naked to our eye. Is it not obvious that his motive (unconscious, perhaps) was that if he did not show courage his ego would have been deflated? Therefore he was courageous in order to satisfy his ego. Or again, take the philanthropist who gives huge sums of money to charity. Is it not evident that he does so that he may feel that he is a better person, thus satisfying his ego?

If we have established that we should not seek to know what is beyond our comprehension, and we agree that a knowledge of the ultimate good or evil is of this nature, then we must admit that man is responsible only to himself. For we cannot be held responsible to other men if our purpose is to satisfy ourselves. In like manner we are not responsible for the actions of any others.

After having folowed such a logical order of thought, it can be concluded that we must seek the fulfillment of our purpose in life by getting the most out of living that we can. Before we can do this we must realize that there is no "good" outside of the self. Then we must decide what is most beneficial to the ego. Invariably the normal individual finds the greatest satisfaction in the physical and emotional pleasures of the world. Whether these are found through religion, philosophy, money, or sex — the four great motivating forces in life — is of no consequence except in relation to the individual. How satisfaction is to be derived from these is up to each individual man.

Before leaving man to his devices, a word of caution is in order. For, in the course of life there are many stumbling blocks to the fulfillment of man's purpose. For the most part these proceeds from his physical, mental, and emotional inadequacies.

To conclude, let me remind you of the words of the prophet Isaias "Woe to you that call evil good and good evil; that put darkness for light and light for darkness; that put bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter. Woe to you that are wise in your own eyes, and prudent in your own conceits."

Ode to a Universal Professor on a Universal Complaint made by Universal Students

Hail to thee, oh professor bright!
Guardian of the psychological light,
Shining in thy misty brain,
We sing thy praises ever foggy.

Though thy lectures be quite laborious,
We really don't find them too abhorious.
We do assume you are sincere,
But are you really mad, Prometheus?

Oh to wander through thy realms,
Where thy logic overwhelms,
And mutely crying in the fog
We hail thy name ever glorious.

Great Lord God, frere de Freud,
We hear you calling from a void.
Stretch out thy great white clammy hand,
And lead us to the Promised Land!

M. K. and J. S.

MISS LENA WEST WILL RETIRE ON JUNE 7

I entered the classroom and was greeted by Miss West with a cordial smile. Before our chat she displayed with affection some samples of work that her young student-teachers had just brought from their classes. "I was amazed at the brightness of these first graders," said Miss West. Then we got down to business.

Lena Amy West was born in Strafford, Vermont, a small town whose only claim to fame is that it was the birthplace of Senator Justin Smith Morrow, father of the land-grant colleges. I asked Miss West where she first started teaching. She told me that she began her career in a little one-room schoolhouse in Sharon, Vermont. This one-room combined students from kindergarten age to high school! She taught grade school in Randolph, Vermont, and then came to North Adams Normal School in Massachusetts. At North Adams she taught at the Mark Hopkins Training School.

Miss West received her B.S. at Teachers College, Columbia University, where she studied under Dr. Thorndike, and others, whose textbooks are widely used. She obtained her Master's Degree from the University of Vermont. In the fall of 1929, she came to W.S.T.C. to teach.

I asked Miss West to relate one of her most memorable moments. It came, she said, when she was teaching fractions in a fifth grade class. A little boy raised his hand and informed Miss West, "I used to **Hate** fractions, but now I just **Love** 'em!" That tribute speaks for itself.

Concerning the difference between teaching when Miss West first began and teaching now, she informed me that "good teaching was good teaching then as now." New England schools, having been established first might be ahead of the rest of the country, but according to Miss West there are, "wonderful things in education, all over our country." She said that young people now have a challenge to face, that good teaching is needed as never before, but that she has confidence that we will meet the challenge. "I don't believe the world is going to the dogs," she said with a smile.

Her closing remarks were to the effect that if she had it to do all over again, she would still choose teaching as a profession.

Our profession will miss her.

Miss Lena West and Dr. Earl B. Shaw both will retire on June 7.

DR. EARL BENNETT SHAW RETIRES JUNE 7

All hearts at W.S.T.C. will be saddened on June 7, 1959, when Dr. Earl B. Shaw retires from the faculty after twenty-six years of teaching. For some of us the sadness experienced will be much greater, for we have been more closely associated with him. All of us who have known him, have come to respect and love him, both as a friend and teacher. His influence in shaping the lives of many students cannot be measured, for no one has yet invented a standard of measure that could do him justice.

On March 18, 1889, Dr. Shaw's long and fruitful life, both as a teacher and businessman began at Monroe, Iowa. From 1907 to 1923 Dr. Shaw owned and operated a profitable wholesale livestock and grain business. In 1923 he fell victim to pneumonia which left him in a weakened condition so he decided to return to his studies and complete his education. He received his Bachelor's Degree from Washington University in St. Louis in 1927. In 1929 he received his Master's Degree from Washington University and his Ph.D. from Clark University in 1933. He started his teaching career as a professor of Geography at Worcester State Teachers' College in 1933. He has taught at such schools as Columbia University, Ibrahim University, Cairo Egypt, Clark University, University of British Columbia, University of Pittsburgh, Shrivenham American University, England, Buffalo State Teachers' College, Smith College and the University of Puerto Rico, San Juan, Puerto Rico.

Dr. Shaw has written over fifty geographic articles which have appeared in such professional magazines as "Economic Geography," "Geographical Review," "The Journal of Geography," etc.

Dr. Shaw is also the sole author of such books as "World Economic Geography" and "Anglo-American Regional Geography" and has collaborated on such books as "World Political Geography," "America at War," "The American Empire," and "Outside Readings in Geography." He has also revised Ellsworth Huntington's "Principles of Human Geography."

Dr. Shaw has also traveled and done Geographic field work in every continent except Australia and Antarctica.

For his notable contributions, Dr. Shaw has received such honors as the Presidency of the National Council of Geography Teachers in 1949, the Associate Editorship of "Economic Geography and the "Journal of Geography," and the Presidency of the Worcester Branch Foreign Policy Association from 1947 to 1952.

During our interview with Dr. Shaw he requested that we quote him as saying: "I've never worked with a more cooperative group of college students in all the places I have taught; and I am truly sorry that my active association with State Teachers' College students has come to an end. They are a fine bunch of boys and girls." The students at W.S.T.C. should well be proud of the high esteem in which they are held by Dr. Shaw. Dr. Shaw also informs us that he plans to teach at Columbia University this summer and will maintain his permanent residence in Worcester.

To Dr. Shaw we say a reluctant "good-bye" and wish him continued good health and success in his teaching.

N. W. L.

DRIVE-INN

It has been brought to my attention that attendance at movie theatres has fallen from an average of ninety million per week ten years ago to about forty-six million now. I believe I fall into the category of the missing forty-four million, along with my pal, driven out of the movie theatre by the belting, shattering sound that passes for "background" music. I have the feeling that quite a number of the missing audience is staying away for the same reason.

What is taking the place of the movie theatres? Why, it's the Drive-Inn. Where else can you go and enjoy the uninterrupted privacy of your automobile. You and your sweetheart can converse all you want, smoke, crunch popcorn together, drink rootbeer and in general, completely relax. Now I'm sure that you have all, at one time or another, experienced the excitement of these conditions.

But you say that your honey wants to paint the town red, that's fine, give her the brush. On the other hand, if you figure she is worth more consideration, attempt to point out the benefits that may be derived from attending the Drive-Inn. You may try telling her that it's for "Mushroom people," and you can always tell her folks that your going to "Antsville." But if she still persists in attending those communication dens of inequity, better give up. Now "you're getting the beat." Me, I've got a chick who's thinks "it's real nervous," she don't care nothing for me but then you can always "pile up the Z's."

Definitions:

Mushroom people—people who come out at night to live it up.

Antsville—a place full of people.

You're getting the beat—you're beginning to understand.

It's real nervous—it's good.

Pile up the Z's—sleep, snore (real loud).

Dags.

From Here, Where?

Contrary to public opinion, the beat generation is not really beat. This overpowering urge to go "odd" places, do "odd" things, in short to be "odd," is in my estimation an escape mechanism. Writing from a possibly biased point of view, it seems to me that this younger generation, our generation, feels insecure. They drink to excess, live for sex, flock to the bizarre and the odd, simply because they are searching. They are searching for a feeling of security denied them by the times in which they live. However, the blame cannot be laid entirely to this generation. After all, we did not start World War II, and Korea. We're not to blame for this cold war with Russia, yet it's being tossed to us like it was a red hot potato. I believe we fear that, although we had nothing to do with the beginning of these problems, we are going to have to solve them either by some astute political method, which we are not capable, or by sacrificing our lives, which most of us are not ready to do.

The political instability is not the only cause. The high divorce rate, family conflicts, and the like have given us the attitude "If this is conventionality, I don't want any part of it." This is why the present fad of having "affairs" is so appealing to us. If friction develops between the two parties, you simply break up before it gets "too hot to handle" and find someone else. Mind, I'm not condoning these practices, just trying to explain why they happen. And if you become really frustrated there is always that ever-faithful girl-friend in the dark bottle who can do so much to improve your outlook on things, even if it is only temporary.

Former generations were not so "wild" mainly because they did not have these pressures upon them. They did not worry about missle races, international "hot spots," the possibility of total (self) destruction. Nor about the possibilities of war, you either had it or you didn't.

Don't base your judgments upon my suppositions alone. Look to history. What happened after the Great War, the "War to end all war"? You had the period known as the "Roaring Twenties" during which "Babes, Booze and Bullets" predominated over everything. Although we aren't as free with our bullets as they were, we almost make up for it in the other two fields.

But let us revert to my original premise. I say the younger generation is insecure. More than that they are **afraid.** This world, as it looks now, has two possible outcomes. Either it will end in a peaceful "paradise," or on the other extreme, in utter chaos. That gives us odds of fifty-fifty and to put it plainly, we don't like them.

And so we drink. We are trying to avoid our up-coming responsibilities by resisting conventionality. We are trying to avoid making decisions on which our fates and the fate of future generations may well depend by trying to prove to ourselves that we are not capable of making these decisions.

And stil we search, search for some thing or someone who will help us find ourselves. Conventionalism does not seem to be the answer so we have turned to the other extreme, non-conformity. This also may not be the answer, yet satisfying to our senses and emotions helps us avoid the responsibilities we all know we must sooner or later face. So we developed the attitude of "Oh well, what the hell. Live for today, tomorrow we may blow ourselves all over the place." Yet this can't be the answer and I feel that deep inside we all know it.

A Beatnik Poem:

Ode To A Garbage Pail

Skin, you frothy receptacle,
Like man you come on real strong!
Bloated with the trash of
A thousand weary dreams,
Container of lies, deceit, and old
coffee grinds,
You stand there all crazy.

Like man, you are the most!
I really dig your abysmal walls,
Filled with the howl of yesterday's
cole slaw
And the lament of potato peelings,
I mean you are really endsville!

You get like the worst, man,
But you give out as good as you
get,
And at least you pay for your cool
life
When the garbage man comes to
collect.

But yet you stand there, crazy
stoic,
Filled to the brim with warmed-
over spaghetti,
And you live, live;
Like man that's the way it should
be,
I mean like I really weep for you,
Because some day the Big Bopper
will collect me, too!

M.E.K.
"The Mad One"

College Choir Concert

On May 14, 1959 at 8:30 the College Choir presented a concert. The selections they sang varied from religious to secular music. Some of the religious pieces were "Bless Thou the Lord," "Come Thou Holy Spirit, and "Lamb of God." Some of the secular pieces were "Done Caught a Rabbit," "Cindy," and two tunes from My Fair Lady, "I Could Have Danced All Night," and "On the Street Where You live."

The choir, directed by Thomas Carpenter, was well received by the audience, and will develop into a fine choral organization.

MAY RENEW CLAIMS

The State Department is considering a proposal to renew talks with Romania about American claims of property damage and losses.

The claims involve American property Romania allegedly damaged by the Romanian Government during World War II and property seized by the Government when it nationalized the country after the war.

CONFESSION

We at W.S.T.C. are prone to complain whenever a comparison is made between our college and any other. You all know the complaints—they are so traditional now they have become cliche, and there is no reason to list them here. (Besides, this is a "family" newspaper!) You can think of a thousand things wrong with this school without half trying; everyone has done so, and expressed themselves in the privacy of the smoker, no doubt. But this may come as a pleasant surprise to you—there are a few things right about this school! Maybe you just never stopped to consider that. Maybe you have never experienced another larger and more "liberal" college except by hear-say.

Let it be made clear I am not payed to rave about this place, and it is not my intent to justify the ways of God to man—whoops, that's the Lit. major coming out in me again—I mean, to justify this college to the students. I have my own ideas of what is wrong with this college, but to be fair, I also have a few ideas of what is right about it!

For one thing, this college is small. That's good, you say? But did you ever try to get recognition in a class where fifty other kids are shooting their mouths off because they know as long as they talk, no matter what they say, the teacher will be able to distinguish their faces from all the rest? If you want to join the herd and shoot off your mouth, too, you stand a better chance of getting a good mark. That's what it amounts to. Meanwhile the idealist Mr. Milquetoast sits in the back of the class and vainly awaits the recognition that his intellect deserves.

In a small college such as ours there is a greater rapport between the students and the teachers. Because the teachers have a chance to become acquainted with their students they know you as an individual, and they are interested in you as an individual. To certain students that alone is worth more than all the anonymous, droning lectures delivered at the big-name universities where one is merely a speck in a sea of faces.

Another good thing about W.S.T.C. is found in the student body itself. There is a lack of that particular brand of snobbishness which invades colleges presided over by fraternities and sororities. There is a certain informalness among the students that is pleasant for a stranger to behold. One may say there is a spirit of camaraderie that is reminiscent of the Student Prince. (Now that I think of it, it wouldn't be too inappropriate for us to adopt the famous "Drinking Song" as our college hymn! Consider it seriously, and we'll refer it to the student body for vote the day after finals.)

Among the students I have also noticed a certain freedom from conformity, where individuals really dare to be themselves. (At least I have noticed it in my particular section, that great group of revolutionists, lovers, and Walden Literary Society members.) If you think that's the case in other colleges I advise you to attend one and try to escape being a fraternity member without becoming a professional bohemian. One really appreciates nonconformity when one has been incessantly exposed to "the golden herd" as a harried Freshman, troubled enough by the new experience of college without bearing the stigma of being an "independent."

So you see, boys and girls, there are some things about this institution to be thankful for. We do hold a great distinction, when all's said and done—weren't we the first college in the country to have a **blue** coke machine?

M. E. K.

Progressive or What?

In those famous "good old days," children were treated as children; that is they were praised for a job well done and punished for throwing mud on Susie's new dress. However we are in an age now where the reins have been slackened. This is the "Progressive Age," and the "kids" go to progressive schools. For those of you who don't know what a progressive school is, just think of a place where every one is allowed to do just what his little heart desires.

Some parents believe that it is "emotionally healthy" for children to express themselves but, it may not be so healthy for the parents. Take the case of Mrs. Jackson for example. Her little boy Johnny is four years old and she thought it was advisable for him to take a nap after lunch. Evidently Johnny didn't think so because he picked up a glass and threw it at his mother screaming, "I hate you. You're a mean Mommy." She disregarded the remark and said calmly, "All right dear, no nap. Go watch T.V." Mrs. Jackson thinks it is wonderful that Johnny feels free to say and do whatever is on his little mind.

Now, just try and imagine what Johnny is going to be like when he grows up. If he isn't taught respect for his parents now, he'll never have respect for any authority. Children need strict supervision along with love and understanding at an early age, because it is then that their characters are being formed. Very rarely does a child turn out to be anything other than what he has learned in his early youth. Of course parents must not go to the other extreme and criticize their children for minor things. The extreme of anything isn't good but I think the middle of the extremes might be a good road. Anyhow it's worth a try.

Many of us are parents, or would-be-parents, and I think we ought to give child rearing a serious thought. Our own parents' example would be the best one to follow instead of all these new fangled ideas written by a bunch of "crack pots" who probably never raised a child in their lives. Most children need someone to guide them and show them what to do. Very few, if any, are capable of making their own decisions until they've reached a ripe old age. I think a child has much more love and respect for a parent who is strict than one who lets him get away with "murder." Remember: "A pat on the back develops character if administered often enough, hard enough and low enough."

Hey Ma, do light blue stripes go with gray tweed? Does anybody ever wear a full dress tie to the movies?

So girls, think that men don't have a tough time dressing for dates, eh?

First of all a man must select the proper after-shave lotion. He certainly can't smell the same on every date or she is bound to think that he is still using his father's lotion.

Then our subject must pick a MAN'S deodorant — this too must be beyond reproach.

Next the proper attire must be sketched, very vaguely, in his mind. Should it be a suit, sports clothes, or nothing in particular just as long as he's covered?

From here let's step into the mind of our hero and see what's going on in there.

Blue pants and gray jacket? . . . Nope. Wore that the last time I went out with her. Gray suit? . . . No. Spilled mustard on it a week and a half ago . . . Got to get it cleaned . . . Dark blue suit? . . . Strictly for funerals . . Plaid jacket? . . . It would be alright if we were going to the movie or someplace where it would be dark . . . Why does my mother have such bad taste? . . . Brown stripes . . . That's it!! Now for a tie . . . None of these. I'll check Dad's . . . I don't know how he ever gets away with it!! I'll phone Jack, he has thousands of ties . . (Half hour goes by while he tells Jack about the Army-Navy game) . . . I'm late, but at least I've got a tie that matches . . . Gas tank is full . . . Topcoat, keys, handkerchief, wallet, and I'm off.

VERNON H. SUFFIELD.

LAUGHTER

Laugh and the world laughs with you; cry and you cry alone!

Do you have troubles, son; are you suffering from excess pressure on your limited brain power; do you feel the halls of ivy closing in like a cage and your professors chasing you down a long, cold corridor? . . . then run, you're really sick!

But—if you're merely weak and feeble from overwork, and frustrated to the point of collapse by approaching exams (and who isn't?) keep in mind—summer's coming! The old escape route is just around the corner. But until then, to stay safe and sane, just keep laughing. Once you stop—you're finished; you're dead.

Laughter has been the panacea for most minor aches and pains, ups and downs, since Adam caught spring fever. And what's that—nothing but laughing gas, the best cure for what ails you. What's the sense of dwelling in a dark, gloomy state of mind? Moods don't help anyone, least of all you. Where's the joy of seeing clouds without sunshine or the rain without a rainbow? Laughter is the sunshine and the rainbow; without it, we miss so much of the fun in living. Life, despite its occasional bumps and bruises, can be fun—it's your job to make it so—it's your life.

Of course, tears are necessary and a serious outlook essential, but the best recipe for happiness is to sprinkle them all with a charitable sense of humor. Enjoy your fun—if you can laugh at yourself, others will be laughing with you, not at you.

M. E. S.

DEAR WILLIE

DEAR WILLIE:

I'm a senior, 22, with a problem that has caused me much embarrassment and heartache. I've been engaged to a sweet girl for almost two years now and we would like to get married after I graduate. Whenever she starts talking about setting the date I break out with large red lumps and the itching drives me crazy. When I was attending the Marine Officers Training Course last summer, I had these same lumps. The Marine doctor told me they would go away, and they did. My girl friend says we should get married anyway, but I'm afraid this might make the lumps worse instead of better. I read your column every issue and will be looking for your advice on this situation.

LUMPY SENIOR

DEAR LUMPY: I'm no physician, but it certainly sounds like psychogenic urticaria (skin trouble resulting from an emotional disturbance.) Urticaria is a fancy name for nature's warning that you're not getting the emotional release you need. Suitable therapy should be supplied by your girl—or someone else if necessary. You can always get married, but that's obviously not what you're really itching for.

DEAR WILLIE:

There is a shy boy who is in the Freshmen Reading Course here at school. Every week after class, he rides downtown on the same bus with me. On several occasions, I have invited him to have a Coke with me at the Normandy. I think he likes me and I know I like him. He has good manners and is nice looking. He acts lonesome, but I don't want him to think I'm running after him. How can I get to know him better?

LONESOME

DEAR LONESOME: The boy's a remedial reader—not a mind reader! The best way to deal with this slow starter is to offer him something more solid than Coke. Whatever you do, though, don't expose him to your friends, which would give him a chance to case your competition. To insure a near-perfect setup for fun and games, plus the maximum amount of privacy, I suggest you invite him to "Walden Pond" after you get out of class.

DEAR WILLIE:

I'm a Junior Secondary who is preparing to go out practice teaching this September. This is an experience I am anxiously looking forward to; however, I am becoming concerned over the fact that I will be teaching in a school that has enrolled in it many of the girls I had formerly dated. Do you think this will present a discipline problem if I happen to have any of them in my classes?

FORMER CRADLE ROBBER

DEAR CRADLE ROBBER: Take it from one who knows; the only discipline problem you are going to have is yourself. Remember these girls will be competing to please you as much as they can. Needless to say, this will put you in a pleasingly delicate situation which could lead into all kinds of complications. The only solution to this problem is a policy of **laissez-faire** on your part.

THE OLD AND THE NEW

Recently I was talking to a boy who had come to this country from South America, and has been in this country for two years. He had won a scholarship to study in this country and I knew him to be an exceptional student. I also knew that he had remarkable powers of concentration and very unique study habits. He was able to utilize his time so well that he could do his work in almost half the time that it took the average student. I certainly envied him for his ability to concentrate so well. I realized that he must have had an excellent training when he was very young.

He proceeded to tell me about the educational system in South America. In grammar school the children are introduced to the classics, both in art and in literature. They begin an advanced study of mathematics and they begin one or two foreign languages. The children must learn all the countries of the world, their capitals, the chief rivers and tributaries of these rivers, the chief mountains, the chief imports and exports and the natural resources. This seems to be a great deal of work for grammar school children but they must complete these courses and pass an examination in order to enter high school. The competition is quite extreme. This is true also of the educational system in Europe. In order to obtain the Bachelor of Arts degree in France, one must take an examination in two parts. The first part is oral and written and the second part is taken a year later. These exams are given by the government, therefore all candidates must meet the same standard rather than meet the requirements of individual schools.

This seemed like the ideal educational system until I realized that the competition is extreme and therefore fewer people have the opportunity to be educated. In other words those who are "the cream of the crop" are able to take advantage of these opportunities. Only the best students are able to advance to higher education. In America there are more opportunities in more fields. Because of the steady increase of those entering college and receiving an education, our country is becoming that much stronger, healthier and happier. Students must also have time for extra-curricular activities which helps to develop them socially and spiritually; this, the American Educational System allows. It also gives students the chance to think on their own and to utilize what they have learned. Also, because of the numerous and various opportunities, everyone has the chance to better himself in the way that he chooses.

On the other hand, we are still a young country with an educational system which is equally as young. We must respect our elders and profit by the fine examples they have given us. For centuries they have given to the world great literature, philosophy, art, scientific developments, etc. We cannot help but admire some of the fine people which their systems have produced in our present age, also. It seems that each of these systems can benefit by the examples set by the others.

PATRICIA O'GRADY.

Cool Sounds At W. S. T. C.

By Joe Liquornik

At approximately 1100 hrs., May 7, 1959, I was sitting waiting for a class to begin. I was having a wonderful daydream of my three glorious years aboard the USS Sardine, Uncle Sam's first and only rubberband powered submarine.

Then it came, blah—blah—blah.

Immediately, dive—dive—dive, flashed through my head.

Where is my battle helmet? Where is my life vest?

Oh the heck with them, if my time has come to die for my country, battle gear will be of little use.

Blah—blah—blah, there it is again.

Dive—dive—dive.

The Skiper must have pressed the panic button without notifying the crew. This must be it. Were we being attacked by the natives of Transalvania or was it the underwater marauders from Atlantis?

I must get to my battle station, I must be ready.

I rushed out of the hatch and to the ladder (stairs to all you land lubbers). At once I was met by a wave of hurrying crewmen, all trying to get down the ladder at the same time.

What is this? A sub has only 70 men. There, before my eyes, were over 200 trying to get below.

Oh well, it must be some new boots aboard for the first time.

Wait a minute. Did I spy a figure of a female?

Can't be.

There goes another one.

What's the Navy coming to? Women on a sub. This canoe club is getting better all the time. I might ship over yet.

I must be dreaming. No, I can't be.

Blah—blah—blah, dive—dive—dive.

To my battle station.

Will this endless wave of conscientious boots ever stop?

There it is, the hatch to my battle station. It's the rubberband room. I have to replace all damaged rubberbands, so our ship can go on fighting.

As I enter I am hit in the face with a blast of warm smoky, air.

This is it. We are hit. Smoke is belowing out of the aft compartment.

Then it happens, I trip.

Was it over a fallen comrade? Was it over that stupid dog wrench I forgot to put away yesterday? I don't know.

I bump my head. Slowly I slip into the deep, black, unknown. I am unawhere what is going on around me. Thick clouds envelop my mind, I know nothing.

When the clouds break up and my head is clear, I look around.

Where am I? What's happened? Oh yes, the attack.

I see my fallen comrade — a trash can, the crewmen—my class mates, the smoke filled compartment—the smoker . . . .

Back in my class room, I am very perturbed.

What was that ominous blah—blah—blah? I know I heard it.

Am I losing my marbles? I must remember to take the Rorschach test. After all I would like to know my mental status.

After much deliberation and deep consentration, I deduce that the strange, cool, new sound must be the new fire alarm.

A Spirit of Nationalism

Nationalism, as defined by Webster, is a devotion to, or advocacy of, national interests or national unity and independence. Perhaps because of the present and intense need for this national spirit, or possibly because of an extreme fear of the lack of it, nationalism has become the war-cry and by-line of 1959. Now the subject of many powerful and thouhtful debates at the nation's capitol and the topic of several reflective, but opinionated newspaper editorials, it has even found a consideration in the highly imaginative world affairs classes at W.S.T.C. Basing their opinions on the above and proper definition, these busy little historians proceeded to indulge in some serious word-play and ultimately produce a concrete conception of this national principle. The results — quite a conglomeration, but certainly an unlimited and unique mixture of ideas and a "bird's-eye" view into the working apparatus of the typical college freshman. Don't let it scare you — freshmen can and do think on special occasions.

"Nationalism is:

1. a search for security.
2. based on the ownership of land.
3. pride in one's country.
4. devotion to a leader.
5. self-preservation.
6. preservation of opportunities.
7. the maintenance of freedom, to a degree.
8. the result of fear.
9. the result of some cause, good or evil.
10. different in various countries;
    a. in America, a spirit of peace
    b. in underdeveloped countries, a spirit of achievement."

These are only a few of the opinions debated, but the class, while not reaching any singular conclusion, did touch on one significant fact:

Nationalism, the spirit of the state, must be the spirit of the people. It is based primarily on the individual and then, equally as well, on the family and in the school. It is the backbone of a country in war or peace; the spirit of an individual to preserve and defend his homeland, the lifehood or spark that enlivens a nation. Before such real unselfishness will develop in us to include our nation, of necessity it should be cultivated in our personal lives—at home or in school.

Stop and reflect on this point a moment! How well do you display this spirit at home; how deeply do you feel and express this good will towards your school? What do they really mean in the final analysis of your life? Answer these honestly, and you will realize how deeply you are an American, for this spirit of nationalism must be born and fostered in our daily mode of living and learning. Nationalism is truly a national sentiment. For us, it is pure and sincere Americanism, but while entirely universal, it must be equally personal.

Maryanne E. Shea.

Procrastination, the Thief of Time

A universal problem which man seemingly cannot escape is procrastination. Yes, "Procrastination is the thief of time." One might justly inquire as to what is procrastination. Well, procrastination simply means to postpone until a future date. This may seem a common and natural aspect of man but the question may be asked if this is a good natural thing.

One experience which all students have in common is that experience of procrastinating. Let us examine a common example of a student procrastination. A student is assigned to write a term paper and a deadline date is set. The student says that he will "put off the term paper until tomorrow." But pecularily enough tomorrow never comes until the night before the term paper is due. During that one evening the student figuratively "goes crazy" because of the pressure of time. The student devotes the entire "wee hours of the early morning" preparing his term paper. During the course of that "terrible dark night" the student, in order to remain mentally alert, drinks several cups of coffee and smokes dozens of cigarettes. As the sun rises in the east the student is just putting the finishing touches on his term paper. After this is done the student sits back and sighs with great relief for he now knows that he has "met the deadline date" and his term paper will be presented to his instructor during that day.

Yes, the student did meet the deadline date but the question may be asked if his term paper is an example of his best efforts. As the teacher examines and evaluates the paper he discovers several typographical errors, poor spelling, poorly constructed sentences and paragraphs, poor transitional paragraphs and so forth and so on. In other words, the term paper shows evidence of haste and waste. Naturally the teacher is justified in grading the paper accordingly.

"Was it worth it!" After all that sweat, time, and physical strain the student received a very poor grade. In fact, he can consider himself lucky that he did not flunk. In this case procrastination was truly the "thief" of time because it actually stole his good health and good grade. All students, including myself, are guilty in one way or another of procrastinating. The "term paper case" was simply an example and any "resemblance of anyone living or dead is purely coincidental." However, this case was sighted purely to illustrate the seriousness of procrastination. Students should be made aware of the fact that time waits for no man and "time lost is never found again."

The moral of the "term paper case" is as plain as the nose on your face. Students should properly budget their valuable time. "Plan your work and work your plan" is in essence the key to the universal problem of procrastination. As in the sighted case, if the student had properly arranged a plan whereby he periodically worked on his term paper he would have never been in the "revolting development" which he experienced. He would have had a well written paper deserving a good grade. His best efforts would yield his best grade.

Thus, do not serve "old man procrastination" because the results will be disastrous but rather be aware of his presence and be prepared to avoid him.

"Never leave that till tomorow
Which you can do today."

Richard Phelps.

RUSSIA DECLARES ECONOMIC WAR

Not long ago, Russian dictator, Khrushchev, delivering one of his patented blasts at the United States, challenged America and the Western world to an economic war, predicting that the outcome would be catastrophic from our point of view.

Vice-President Nixon, in a speech delivered during his successful trip to England, accepted the haughty challenge of comrade Nikita.

It is conceivable that the heir-apparent to the presidency, in accepting the Communist Premier's bid for economic warfare, had in mind the contrast of living conditions between our ally, West Germany, and the Communist puppet-state, East Germany, for this is indeed a prime example of a flourishing free society versus a stagnant captive state.

In the past ten years more than three million people have fled Communist East Germany to seek refuge in the free western sector and the rate continues at four thousand every week.

There is good reason for this mass movement of people who desire God-given liberties instead of man - sponsored suppression. The initial reason, naturally, is the subjugation in which the East Germans live. The economic motive lies in free Germany's industrial growth since the destruction of Nazism.

West-Germany has risen, through American aid, to become a great industrial power in Europe. The potency of its steel industry challenges that of Great Britain and the people enjoy the benefits of a free and thriving society. In contrast, the people of East Germany have little or no purpose for which to work. They are, as in all communist states, mere cogs in the machine which produces for the state and not the individual.

West Germany has restored its shattered cities to thriving communities while economic and social recovery is all but non-existent in the Soviet-controlled sector.

Free enterprise has accounted for the tremendous growth and recovery of West Germany while communism has rendered hopeless the improvement of the people of East Germany.

On a grander scale we can compare the living conditions in the United States with those in the Soviet Union and find our economy substantially healthy, our wages higher than any other time in history, and the lot of the "common man" far better than any other nation's in the world, while in Russia, according to U. S. Intelligence reports, the agriculture situation presents little improvement in the past two hundred years, wages fail to compensate for prices which put many everyday goods beyond the grasp of the "little fellow," and the general living condition little improved in the past century.

If we maintain our present standard of living and keep our shoulder to the wheel, as Vice-President Nixon urges, there is no reason why we need fear being outstripped economically by our Communist adversaries.

West Germany has illustrated the results of a flourishing, hard-working, free society, while, in contrast, East Germany has given the world a concise example of nothingness under communist rule.

With this in mind, it is doubtful that Russia can oust the United States from world economic leadership.

BRIAN SULLIVAN.

WOMEN'S ROLE

To define women's role necessitates an understanding of what she is, not in society or in the family or in comparison to man, but in herself. To say that man and women are complementary is true enough? But to suggest that they can be understood only in terms of their complementarity is false. We don't learn how to drive a car by learning to ride a horse. It is not my intention here to define the ideal of women. In indicating that the 'seperateness' of the sexes is more significant than their 'togetherness' or complementarity, I merely follow what the Old Book had to say on the subject. Perhaps I might add that women's role is essentially a religious one. She is the more profoundly mystical sex and has been given the mission of keeping man, and the world attuned to the spiritual. It is of her very womanliness that she be closer to those values of the supernatural order that give existence, it's true dimension. She is liken to the priestess who keeps the sacred fire burning. She is the guard-ian of the 'highest' and purest values of the sole.

Everything in women — the structure of her body, her qualities of intuition and beauty (?), her capacity for love and sacrifice and (in)dependence — indicates that this ideal finds a kind of natural simplicity with grace. It has been said that by her attitude of receptivity women represents the ( ) vocation of humanity—a humanity that is open to gifts. Certainly it is in this sense that women's 'role' becomes clear. She can make her greatest contribution to the building of society by bearing witness to the necessity of re-birth through submission. It will be thus that she will teach man; it will be thus that she will draw all the exterior activities of society into harmony with the ends that ought always be served. It is women's role to lead us on.

I'no.

Student Advisory Council Officers

The officers for the school year 1959-1960 are as follows:

President ..... Joan Bruazis
Vice-President ..... John MacWade
Secretary ..... Carolyn Bohmann
Auditor ..... John Hastings
Faculty Advisor .... Mr. John Eager

EXPURGATED Is Not a Four Letter Word

Though many convince themselves of their enlightenment and edification, there still exists a hypocritical attitude toward what constitutes decency in literature. Indeed, many do not declare themselves in this argument but if pressed will take the "safe" side of the controversy. They pretend a righteous indignation and disgust at "pornographic" literature; that is, until they are relieved to hear that by virtue of court ruling the book in question is no longer obscene and they may show it on their bookshelf to the world and discuss with the aplomb of the indifferent critic its relative merits (it is probably a classic, by now, or at least a "work of literary craftsmenship and art").

This prudery masking as decency is making news again in the recent controversy over the appearance of the unexpurgated edition of **Lady Chatterley's Lover;** and, incidentally, the publicity has helped put the novel on the best seller list.

Sex apparently is still a dirty word, and a defense of sex in literature will still draw from some people stares of silent execration, as though they had just been invited to espouse a Crusade for Advancement and Perpetuation of Lechery. And then there are those vile persons who are really in a state of delayed puberty who show their "enlightenment" (whatever that may be) by chortling obscenely at the very mention of a "questionable" book. They not only approve eargerly of it, but also can not wait to get their hot little hands on it to devour the sex-sections while in a haze as to what the rest of the book is about. I leave the matter of which of these two is the more abominable entirely up to you.

At any rate the question of when is literature pornographic still remains. A partial answer may lie in two places—with the author and with the reader. I cannot believe that any author of recognized literary merit deliberately sets out to create a purposely pronographic work. That is, what he may have to say about sex is not exploited for its own sake. Rather this area of human experience is presented as it applies to what the author is trying to say in the novel as a whole. But the objection immediately arises that it is not sex in general terms that is being questioned but sex in too realistic detail, sex which violates all feelings of delicacy. But can an author be too realistic? And what is "delicacy"? Or is the problem one which should be concerned mainly with the author's **attitude** toward his subject and toward the reader and with the **values** he is laying bare for consideration? I doubt that an author tires to make sexual perverts or lechers out of his readers. I do think that a novel should be evaluated in the light of the author's purpose, of his faithfulness to life, of his literary craftsmenship, and of that spark of inspiration and genius which separate creative art from hack writing.

The second place wherein may lie some further light on this matter is with the reader. This is because most people read with some purpose in mind or else with some special interest. They may want to read to help solve some problem or to see how a certain character reacts with whom they can identify or for any number of reasons among which may be a curiousity about sex. Here is where the attitude of the reader plays an important part, because, I think, just as beauty lies in the eyes of the beholder, so can obscenity or vulgarity lie in the eyes of the reader. That is, something like **Lady Chatterley's Lover** is perverse or obscence only if you, the reader, think it is. Think of what used to be considered objectionable in literature. Does it not seem pretty tame now in view of our changing attitudes toward sex? But even today there still remains in society a Victorian attitude of shame and disgust, which carries over to sex in literature. I am sure that fifty years from now, if **Lady Chatterley's Lover** is still around, and I doubt that it will be, people will wonder what all the fuss was about.

Lastly there is the objection that such literature is morally corrupting to youth. This is farfetched, I think. It is the values which youth adhere to which determine their moral character of which their attitude toward sex is only a part. Blaming sex in literature is merely dragging a red herring into the real issue which is the problem of values in a competitive society.

D. N.

To Whom It May Concern

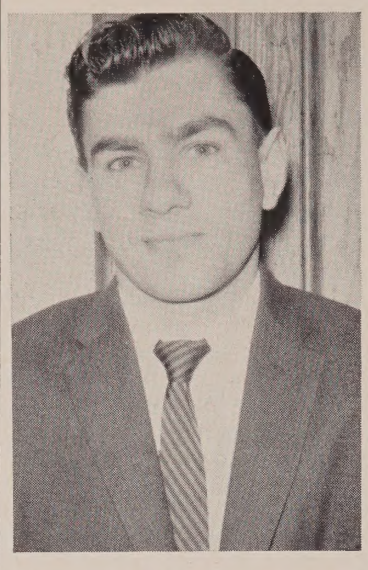
Continued from Page 1

wants to read about school functions such as dances, proms, the teas, club events, elections and the like. Since our student body has grown to such proportions as it is today, it is almost impossible for a few people to keep up with all the news in each class. With this in mind, perhaps you can appreciate Mr. Manning's position. He is to be complimented, not scorned for the work he has done with the little cooperation that he has had.

His responsibility as editor should be only to write the editorial and select the material to be included in the paper. With the combined efforts of the staff and the cooperation of the students, we would be able to produce a paper equal to those of other schools with news of interest for all. It is a mistaken idea that you have to be a member of the staff to submit material. Any and all articles will be welcomed and appreciated.

To those few students who have worked wholeheartedly in trying to make the "Acorn" a successful paper, I should like to apologize for "sounding off." To the others who have had nothing to offer but vicious denunciations, I hope that this article will anger you enough to spur you to action.

E. C.



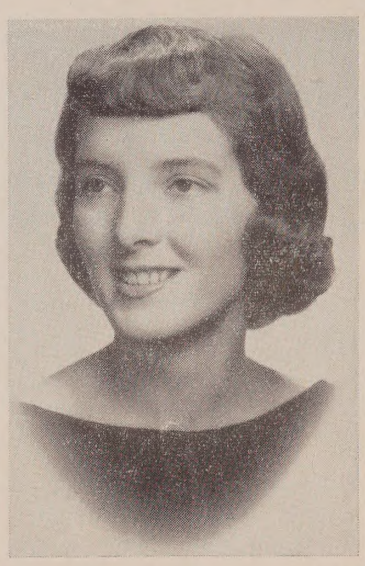
Noel Zinkievich Elected Pres. of Kappa Delta Pi

On May 1, the members of Kappa Delta Pi. Worcester State Teachers College honor society, elected as their president for the school year 1959-1960 Noel Zinkevich. Mr. Zinkievich is a member of the Junior Secondary class.

A native of Worcester, Noel graduated from South High School with the class of 1955. Here at State Teachers College he has shown high standards of scholastic achievement and has exhibited fine qualities of leadership.

A history major, Noel expects to do his teaching at Auburn High School. After graduation in 1960, Noel intends to continue to teach in high schools in the Worcester area while studying for his master's in History at Clark University.

Prom Queen



Helen Fitzgerald was elected Queen of the sophomore-senior prom.

W. O. M. B. C. C.

About the beginning of May every year the following symptoms make their appearance, with a greater or lesser degree of violence. A sensation of heat and a chuck-full up to 'here' attitude develops concerning classes and in general innoculative style education. This state gradually increases, until the sensation becomes converted into what may be characterized as a combination of 'gulp' and 'O' Rourke! In this state the eyes take on a far away look, (no reflection to those who are nearsighted), but violent reaction is only experienced on Friday afternoons (maybe early evening as well, O.K.!, all night) and never last for more than two days afterward, so far. Of course as the temperature rises their frequency or duration becomes increasingly more uncertain.

After this state of the eyes has subsided for an hour or two, a general fulness is experienced in the head, or is that a little high, this fulness brings on fits of extreme violence, coming on at **uncertain** intervals. To this fulness is added a further sensation of lightness in the stomach, difficulty in breathing (its 'hot') and emotional exhibitionism uninhibited. There is no absolute pain in any part of the body, but a feeling of want of room to receive the air necessary for the next dive down. Added to these symptoms is an incapacity to speak without inconvenience, like two people drinking from the same 'mug.'

Now, having aroused your initial interest, the 'Trying **to be** Beatniks' invite you to an afternoon etc. of anti-intellectualism which is a change from the intellectualism we are being faced with. Of course for those who can not make it or do not want to, you can always go to 'Jakes' to eliminate your problems.

How do you get in touch with us? You don't, but we are watching you. So if you have the feeling that someone is staring at you and their eyes seem to be penetrating through your purely physical being, **you** are being considered for membership in the **World Out of Mind Beatnik Coffee Club.**

Dags.

A FORWARD GLANCE

TIME: November, 1965

PLACE: Men's Faculty Room, Worcester State Teachers College

The room is small, and in the center is a table. Around the table are a few chairs, and along the wall are benches, boxes of books, and more chairs. In the room there are two men, their images are barely visable because the windows are clouded with a smoke film, and the only light in the room has been broken for six years. In the background can be heard a continual and droning, "Mr. Sarwin, please call the office." Mr. Lenap, one of the men, is a history instructor. He is lying prone on one of the benches. Mr. Palen, the other man, is slouched in one of the chairs with his feet resting on another.

Lenap: I've got four panels scheduled for today, how about you?

Palen: Only got two, but I split up the class three ways. Makes it harder.

Lenap: Got to keep 'em working, give 'em a day off and they forget how to use the opaque.

Palen: Had an original one the other day.

Lenap: I didn't know there were any new ways.

Palen: Oh Ya! They had the whole class take off their shoes and lie on their stomachs on the floor. Each person on the panel had a report written, and one member of the panel read them. As he read, the other members of the panel would touch the feet of the kids in the class. When your feet were touched, you had to repeat the last entire sentence that was read. Sort of a game.

Lenap: Vital experience.

Palen: It was. We had reaction formation, review, and a new learning experience all going on at once. It was vital.

Lenap: Did I tell you about the big one I had a couple of weeks ago?

Palen: Was that the one where you took the trip to Walden Pond?

Lenap: No, No. It lasted three days.

Palen: The trip to Walden?

Lenap: No, the panel lasted three days. We took off a few hours for sleep, but it was so vital no one could sleep.

Palen: I know the experience well.

Lenap: Well, this is what happened. The panel had so much to cover, they had to show the films, filmstrip, and pictures with the opaque all at the same time.

Palen: We only have two screens in the school.

Lenap: They only used one. Stimulating visual effects.

Palen: I can imagine.

Lenap: It was stimulating.

Palen: What was the panel?

Lenap: The history of the World.

Palen: Good subject. What made you think of that?

Lenap: Oh! It was easy. Just thought of the broadest subject I could.

Palen: Must have been grand.

Lenap: It was. Three died of exhaustion, nine died of boredom.

Palen: That about the record isn't it?

Lenap: Yes it is. But I think i can better it.

Palen: How?

Lenap: Well, the next panel, starts tomorrow by the way. The next panel is a musical version of the last one. Scheduled to last two weeks.

Palen: Good show!

Acorn Banquet

Continued from Page 1

Scholastic Press Association, together with certificates for service to the **Acorn** were awarded to Stan Nelson, Marilyn Kemp, Patricia O'Grady, and Estelle Connor. Certificates of merit were awarded to Joseph Cooney and Joan Bennet.

Members of the faculty attending the banquet were Dr. Carlton Saunders and his wife, Mr. Robert Todd and his wife, Miss Vera Dowden, Miss Mary Cosgrove, and Mr. Vincent DeBenedictus.

The theme of the talks given by the staff officers and the faculty advisor, Dr. Saunders, revolved around the criticism which has been levied by students and faculty upon the paper. It was pointed out that a lack of rapport, and consequently cooperation, between classes was the chief grounds for criticism. To alleviate this situation in future years it was stated that each class would have to assume responsibility for its own class news. It was resolved that a special effort would be made to make the last issue of this school year the best issue ever.

Following the banquet, a social gathering was held at the Shisk-ka-Bob in Shrewsbury, to conclude a highly enjoyable and interesting evening.

LIBRARY MATERIALS DUE

Miss Helen Smith, school librarian, has made the request that all materials which have been taken from the library be returned promptly. Miss Smith has a long list of overdue books, magazines, and pamphlets. All students who have any library materials should return them at once, in order to insure the efficient running of the school library.

In recent years increasingly large numbers of books etc. have not been returned until the following school year, or not at all. This situation need not, and should not, exist. The cooperation of all the students will be greatly appreciated.

A Stimulating Conversationlist— or "It Could Be You"

One meets many types of people at social gatherings—the bored, the bores, the party girl or guy, the bashful—the list is endless. However, nothing quite compares with the type to be discussed here. This individual does not fit into any of the above mentioned categories. To use a cliche, she is "in a class by herself." She is generally extremely attractive. After all, Mother Nature has to provide some compensation.

When you meet her, and all of you will at some time or another, you will recognize her immediately. You can cast aside all conventionality and say the first thing that comes into your head, certain that it will cause an immediate burst of enthusiasm—subconscious as it may be. Her real attention is inevitably on something or someone else — perhaps on another guest's dress, her own reflection, the conversation at the next table —on anything but you and the conversation at hand.

You are introduced to her as "Miss — (you never hear the last name!) and she in turn is "charmed" or "delighted" and bestows a ravishing smile on you, making you think that the party might be fun. You have not as yet detected her true nature. It's not too long, however, before her first remark labels her. To be sure of your supposition—being a fair individual, you'll naturally give her the benefit of the doubt—you say:

"I've lived in this city for five years."

"Oh, how wonderful! For how many years?"

Scrutinizing the gown of a guest who has just arrived and being quite certain that she is making a mental evaluation of it, you say:

"It'll be 75 years in August."

This might seem to be a normal, sane reply were you not obviously in your early twenties. To return to our guest, she replies, "Oh, how lovely!" Her blank eyes are staring you in the face all the while.

"Just the right time to get to know everyone."

"Yes, but tiring."

Her eyes have wandered to another party, but the voice says:

"Oh, what a pi-i-i-ity!"

"Yes, isn't it, but I'm quite healthy." You decide to play the game.

"Healthy; how nice. It's perfectly marvelous to be healthy. Do you live in the country?"

"Not exactly the country. I live in Elm Park, under the trees."

"Oh, how simply idyllic!"

"Yes, I have all the advantages of the city and the atmosphere of the country. I bathe in the pond everyday when the weather is cold enough."

"Oh, how stimulating! How long have you lived there?"

"Only 80 years, but I'm getting to know the neighbors lately."

"Don't you think it charming?" Calm and poised with fixed smile, all the while the eye is roving around the room.

You continue, "Yes, indeed. My neighbors say that I'm eccentric, but I don't mind. Do you agree?"

"Really; of course! How perfectly adorable! How long have you been there?"

"Just 90 years, but it's beginning to grow on me."

The listener nods and murmurs. "Do you have a girl friend?"

"Yes, her name's John. She's a great guy at a party."

"The dear—"

"Yes; I tell her that she has an advantage living where she does."

"Where did you say she lived?"

"In a lighthouse on Cape Cod Bay. You see, being there, she gets great drafts from the sea breeze."

"Oh, you're so clever!"

"No; I'm a student.

Now she is really attentive. "How perfectly devastating! What —do you study?"

"Why, occasionally, but I'm so afraid that I might learn something."

"Oh, how could you do that?"

"I admit that it wouldn't be easy but everyone doesn't feel that way, unfortunately. My professors, for example,—"

"Oh, then you're not married."

"Dear me, no; a student is wedded to his studies and I mustn't commit bigamy."

"How quaint. So, you're a bachelor." Again her eye is roving.

"Yes, but I have my monkey for a chaperone and we'd be delighted to have you to tea with us some Sunday afternoon from eight until two."

"Perfectly delighted!" She now catches the eye of a late-arriver and you say:

"Hope you don't mind a little scholarly unconventionality. We always have sulphuric acid at our teas served with sugar and lemon, the Oxford fashion, you know."

"How Bohemian; I think it's much better than cream. I adore originality myself."

"You're delighted to have made my acquaintance, I'm sure."

"So good of you to say so."

Shaking your head in bewilderment, you bid a pleasant good evening to your hostess and leave, muttering to yourself, "There are characters and there are characters . . . "

E. C.

BOOK REVIEW

The Ugly American

By WILLIAM J. LEDERER and EUGENE BURDICK

The Ugly American recently has held second place in the fiction class of the Time magazine Best Seller list and no doubt will place first in weeks to come. This book truly deserves every honor and excellent recommendation it has received and will continue to receive.

The Ugly American treats the beginnings of Communism in Southeast Asia with care and knowledge. It also deals with the very poor prestige of United Staters in that region and the unwillingness of the Americans to realize that they cannot buy their way into the hearts of foreigners with extravagant foreign aid programs.

The authors of **The Ugly American** are extremely effective in their purpose to stimulate thought and even action on the part of the reader. Even though this book is classified as fiction, it is based on fact. The characters are imaginary only in name for they are fashioned after the lives of real people. The incidents and tragic events described have actually taken place and for this reason it is important that every American citizen should make this book a must. If such things as this book describes continue to happen the U.S. will soon find itself in a sad state of affairs and even disaster.

Through certain characters **The Ugly American** points out that personal wealth, prestige, and power are the make-up of too many of our ambassadors and foreign diplomats. In the line of language a great deal has to be accomplished. Where the Communists put themselves out to learn the language, history, customs, beliefs, and humor of the people in the region in which they are working, the majority of foreign American workers know only their own language and even require the natives to abandon their own native tongue in order to learn English. Because of this the Americans necessarily have to call upon interpreters (many of whom are Communists) for their most secret work. This is not only insulting to the natives (the last thing a Communist would do would be to insult the very people he wants on his side), but a blockage of information is also suffered by the United States. What success can we hope to achieve if we have Communists employed as negotiators between the United States and foreign countries? Why should we trust the Communists with important secrets? The late John Foster Dulles stated, "Interpreters are no substitutes. It is not possible to understand what is in the minds of other people without understanding their language, and without understanding their language it is impossible to be sure that they understand what is on our minds." Certainly the Red world is far better at public relations than is the free world.

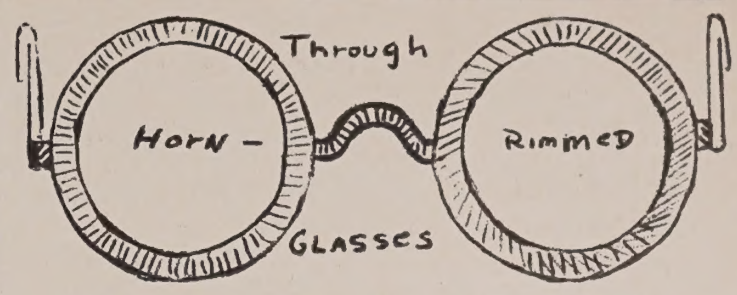
The Communists are more devoted and sincere workers than are Americans. The United States is getting only half-hearted workers and allowing those looking for a challenge to get by. The advertisements and recruiting pamphlets for foreign service workers put the emphasis on high salaries, living conditions, social life and opportunity for travel. This type of thing attracts only mediocrities.

Those are only a few of the examples given in **The Ugly American** describing the losing battle we are fighting against the Communists. Lederman and Burdick not only criticize but offer foolproof suggestions for improvement and new methods that would enable us to win the battle we are now on our way to lose.

Because today's college student is tomorrow's leading citizen it is important that students pick this book up to read in order to make themselves more aware of the world situation and the things that have to be done to improve it.

The Washington Sunday Star says, "Seldom has deadly warning been more entertaining or convincingly given." It is true; this book is a warning and might cause the reader to be angry because of the tactless dealings of the U.S. with foreigners but anger will spur action on where indifference will not.

SALLY MURPHY.



"The Walls Have Ears and the Windows Have Eyes." As the song suggests, this is closer to the truth than you might imagine. To prove it, I offer a sample of some choice candid mumblings which were overheard by this reporter during the year.

A very excited Sophomore girl asked her Senior companion this question as she was leaving school one afternoon:

"Let me borrow your I. Q. for this evening—I mean I. D."

This saying arouses great interest among the Junior Set:

"There will be a meeting at Walden Pond Friday afternoon."

This one always breaks everyone up in the classroom:

"Mr. Sawin, please call the office."

This question was overheard in the girls locker room:

"Is this pattern hard to follow?"

A vacant stare is produced when someone asks a Junior Secondary this bombshell of a question:

"What is learning?"

Any Monday morning this question can be often overheard:

"How was your observation?"

In the smoker, this question gets asked periodically:

"With exams starting in a couple of weeks, how can you play cards?"

One person was heard to blurt out this phrase after a recent banquet which he had attended:

"Kookie, Kookie, lend me your barf bag."

Someone was heard quoting Mr. Pope after he had been told that he had displayed his more undesirable talents at a party:

"Remember, 'Man was born, half to rise, and half to fall.'"

While throughout the corridor I am constantly overhearing the following statements:

"How nice you erase."

"How many pages is your unit?"

"Let's have a field trip to Carling's."

"Were you up all night again?"

"Let's lust!"

"Don't you know where Walden Pond is?"

"Let's suit up."

"I'm all for going over to the girls' gym class."

"Now that's what I call motivation!"

124 Graduate

(Continued from Page 1)

ducted by Robert Dunne, class president, after which he delivered a speech of welcome to all. Following Mr. Dunne's speech, President Sullivan spoke briefly to all. The Cap Investiture Ceremony was conducted by the senior class advisor, Dr. John E. Sullivan. While the assembly looked on, each senior dutifully came forward as he was introduced by the class president to have his cap placed on his head by Dr. Sullivan. The program was aptly culminated by the singing of the "College Hymn" after which invited guests proceeded to the Student Lounge for the Senior Tea. The tables, arrayed with sparkling silver, delicate china, and tempting pastries, invited guests to wander in for refreshments. Gracious hostesses and pourers, chosen from each class, welcomed and served a considerable number of guests. The sunshine-filled day helped to make the affair a success.

Now, officially seniors, recalling your days at W.S.T.C., can you help but feel a trifle sad at your rapidly approaching departure from the "halls of ivy"? After four years of struggling for survival, you will soon be leaving, searching for new frontiers. Perhaps it seems incredible that four years could have passed so quickly. On a September morning in 1955 you were initiated into W.S.T.C. Since then your surroundings have changed considerably and your feelings are far deeper for you have become part of a tradition—one of scholarship, mutual cooperation between faculty and students, and a feeling of warm friendliness. You have worked hard here but the experience has been rewarding. We hope that you shall remember the friendly companionship of those days and shall join the alumni who revisit the school attesting that the roots of this tradition are deep ones.

We know that you feel a debt of gratitude to your friends, who have made your days here happy ones, to your professors, who have taught you to admire high standards and worthy ideals, and to your parents, who have shared your joys and pains, always guiding you with their love.

You've enjoyed many joyous times, a few said ones, some oppressive ones and survived the "storm." Memories cannot be changed and must not be forgotten. You're almost over the last hurdle and soon commencement will come bringing with it the memories of Class Day, the frivolity of the Senior Dinner Dance and the solemnity of graduation.

We all want to wish you, seniors, the very best of everything that life has to offer. May God bless you all.

E. C.

The Kernel Says

The "Kernel Says:" is a sports column that was instituted last year. The main purpose of the column is to report to you on all the athletic events at Worcester State Teachers College, and also we try to bring you some of the most important professional and college sporting news.

This column in reporting on the sporting events at W.S.T.C. tries to introduce or spark a bit of enthusiasm or interest into you, the student body of the college, in the teams that represent you, State Teachers College at Worcester. These are your teams, your classmates, your friends, so let's support them.

I can see by the circle on the calendar that that time is here again. Ah, Spring, and the sound of the baseball bats cracking in the distance while boy and girl are out in the fields listening to the birds and watching the bees.

So it's time to get out my crystal ball again and pick the winners in the major leagues.

American League	National League
New York	San Francisco
Detroit	Milwaukee
Boston	Pittsburgh
Cleveland	Cincinnati
Chicago	Los Angeles
Baltimore	St. Louis
Kansas City	Chicago
Washington	Philadelphia

In the A. L., New York!!!! What else can you say? Detroit is the world champs' only serious threat. The acquisition of Narleski and Mossi has really strengthened an otherwise weak pitching staff. Look for Lou Berberet to help.

Boston has tremendous hitting —providing they are all in the line-up at the same time—but what about the pitching? Look for Buddin to finally develop into the ballplayer that he can be.

Cleveland hasn't been helped too much by the addition of Billy Martin (my apologies to MEK, the Great One). He seems to have lost his "spark" since he left the Yanks. Piersall still only hit .237 last year; at best this year he could hit .250. Look for Score and Colavito to carry this team.

Age is finally catching up with Chicago's baseballers. They still have the best pitching in the league if the "old men" still have the stamina. (Wynn, Donovan, Moore). They have one power man in Sherm Lollar but other than that everyone is a singles hitter. They still have one of the better defenses in the league.

Baltimore is lucky they have Paul Richards as manager to put a bunch of castoffs together and form a presentable team. However, Yankee castoff Gus Triandos has been called the best catcher in baseball today.

Kansas City has good power in Bob Cerv and a good all-round ballplayer in Hec Lopez. They'll give Baltimore a good run for sixth place.

Washington, First in the hearts of his countrymen and last in the American League!!!

In the N. L. we start off with San Francisco and Mays, Cepeda, Alou, Brandt — WOW. The acquisition of Sam Jones has given a second-rate pitching staff a tremendous shot in the arm.

There is no doubt that Milwaukee will sorely miss Red Schoendienst. Aaron, Bruton, and Covington comprise a brilliant outfield and Matthews is still a good third baseman despite last year's World Series. The pitching staff is the second best in baseball.

Pittsburgh has probably the best pitching staff in all baseball. They could very easily win the pennant if they jell early instead of waiting until mid-summer as they did last year.

Cincinnati strengthened themselves offensively with the addition of Frank Thomas. He will play first and the middle combine of Macmillan and Temple are the best in baseball. The pitching is still weak.

Los Angeles, if Snider, Hodges, Gilliam, Drysdale, Erskine, a good hitting catcher—need I say more?

St. Louis still has Stan Musial and Ken Boyer but beyond that, a group of second-rate ballplayers. Don't sell Solly Hemus short — he'll make this team hustle.

Chicago has Ernie Banks and who else?

Philadelphia is trying a "Whiz Kid" experiment once again by integrating Roberts, Hamner and Simmons with a bunch of youngsters who are still a year or two away.

More predictions include:

1. Harvey Kuenn and Willy Mays will be the batting champs.
2. Mickey Mantle will hit 59 homers; Ernie Banks will hit 54.
3. Mantle will be the MVP in the AL and Mays in the NL.
4. Cy Young award will again go to Bob Turley.
5. Many of you readers do not agree.

A Retarded Child, Reading

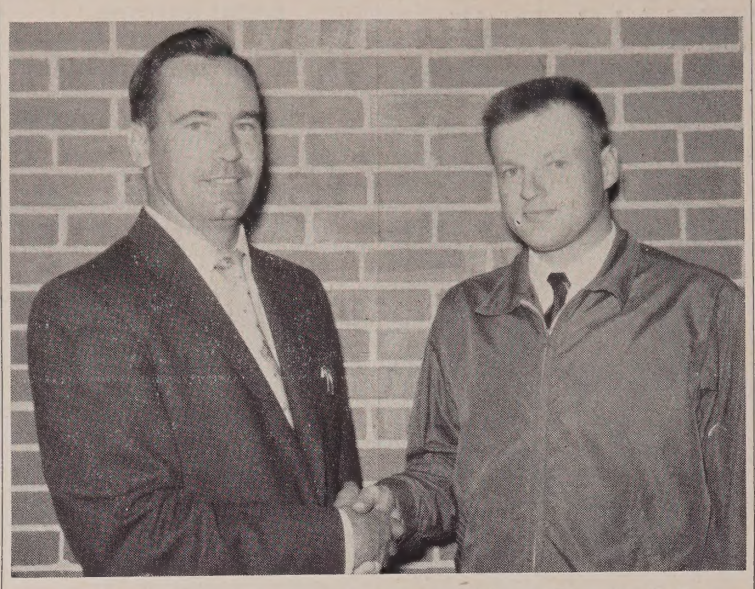
Eye admits a sense of ink, black image
on the paper pallor, meaning's catalyst;
carves it entrance curling
to the rippled intellect.

Finger traces
cabalistic scatching, drawing it
into a nervous ecstasy of slender bone,
dissolving in a silent skull.

My hand,
a passion borne against this dullness,
taut upon the formless strata
of this birth.

I weep, tears an acid
on this bitter stillborn stone,
Mountains rise before my muscled striving,
warping up a ridge of sharp finality.

Remember me within your resurrection,
darkness born again within the sunlit
cloud of knowing, final clarity
against the sudden godless sky.



Mr. John Mockler welcomes his new assistant, Francis T. Dyson to W.S.T.C.

DYSON NAMED NEW BASKETBALL COACH

Francis T. Dyson has been named basketball coach and assistant athletic director at Worcester State Teachers, succeeding John Eager who resigned to devote his full time to teaching. Mr. Dyson comes to us from Falconer, N. Y., High School, a suburb of Buffalo, where he coached basketball and baseball for the past three years.

Worcesterites are familiar with him for he was an all sports star at South High where he was graduated in 1947, at Worcester Academy, and at Holy Cross where he was graduated in 1953. Dyson was a member of the Holy Cross baseball team that won the NCAA championship.

The appointment of Dyson was rather sudden. He applied for the position around Christmas time and was named a couple of months later.

He is looking forward to the opening of the basketball season and things should go well as many veterans will be returning and a good freshman crop is expected.

Welcome and best wishes Francis T. Dyson.

J. E. L.

LANCERS WIN FIRST FOUR

The STC Lancers led by the hitting of Terry O'Hara, Ron Ethier, Billy Leach, and Billy Coonan and the pitching of Ron Elkind and Billy Cronan have won five of their six games including the first four in a row.

In the season's opener against Boston an eight run ninth inning cemented the victory for Ron Elkind 8-2.

The Lancers journeyed to Johnson Vermont for their next game and behind the steady pitching of Norm Foisy were victorious 8-2.

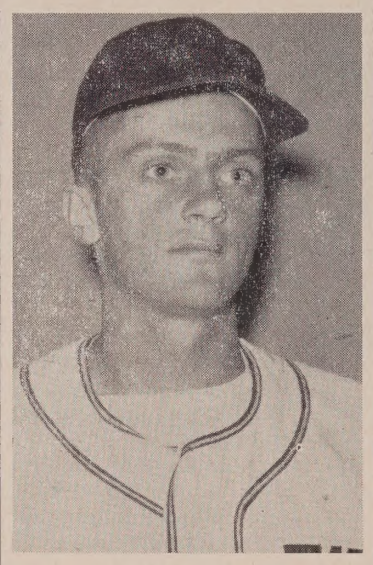
Billy Cronan made his initial start on the mound for the Lancers against Fitchburg and behind the hitting of Terry O'Hara was the victor 9-3. Elkind was injured in this game while making a tag play at first base.

Cross-town rival Assumption was next on the schedule and this was the day that everyone had his hitting shoes on as the Lancers romped 16-6. Foisy was the winning pitcher.

Lowell, defending champion handed the Lancers their first defeat of the year 14--4. The lone bright spot of the game was the homer by Billy Coonan. Errors led to the downfall as Ron Elkind probably made his last appearance on the mound for the season. His wrist was heavily taped and it visibly hurt him when he tried to grip a bat.

Worcester rebounded behind the steady shutout pitching of Cronan to defeat Fitchburg 10-0. Dick Denechaud hit a tremendous homer for the Lancers.

Terry O'Hara leads the club in runs batted in with 8. Billy Coonan has the highest average with .421. Elkind was hitting .461 before he was hurt.



Lancers' leading hitter, Terry O'Hara.

The averages:

Ralph Fusaro	.172
Terry O'Hara	.276
Bill Coonan	.421
Bill Leach	.261
Ron Ethier	.300
Dick Denechaud	.174
Mike King	.235
Gord Hargrove	.250
Ron Elkind	.461
Norm Foisy	.250
Bill Cronan	.250
Mitch Philip	1.000
Frank D'Elia	.000

J. E. L.

JUNIOR SECS END BOWLING

The Jr., Secondaries ended their bowling league last semester after enjoying a successful season.

Bob Keeler's Bards copped first place in the six-team league with a pinfall of 7619. The Super-Egos led by Dick Brierly defeated the Gazelles by 22 pins for second place. The Super's pinfall was 7586; Jack Lynch's Gazelles had 7564. Following were the Boppers with 7338, the Aces with 7206, and the Mavericks with 7077. (I guess brother Bart didn't bowl.)

A season's high single was turned in by Bobby Keeler with a 130. He also had the high triple with a pinfall of 345. His overall average of 92.6 was good enough to lead the league. Dick Brierly was second with an average of 89.3, while Jack Lynch was third with 88.6 followed by Paul Mullen of the Boppers with an average pinfall of 86.6. Rounding out the top ten were George Sousa of the Super-Egos, Maurice (Mushy) Letourneau of the Super-Egos, Carol Sinnott of the Bards, John Scott of the Boppers, John Grady of the Gazelles, and Dick Phelps of the Aces.

Continental Or Not

An article (Madagascar) in the last **Acorn** issue suggested a change in American courtship. This article suggested continentalism, but what is continentalism? The author, female, was against the handshake, slap-on-the-back (?) method of introduction used by U.S. males today. A kiss on the hand was thought more pleasing and debonair. She believed this was a more masculine tendency. Dogs lap hands. Do you male students want to be thought of as hand kissers?

What do they do on the continent? First of all, hand kissing is only practised in the movies, "Charles Boyer type." Secondly, American girls have it too soft as compared to the European young ladies. Why should a male, who has to support a wife the majority of his life, pay all the bills? Due to the increase in female population, the girl, as on the continent, should pay half the bill if it is a frequent date and all the bills if there is any hope of conquest.

Is a beard a sign of masculine man? This authored believed "whatever the color, a beard is the mark of a man, symbolic of the physical superiority of men." Is Fidel Castro superior to Winston Churchill or the late John Foster Dulles? That might be your opinion; as for myself, I believe a beard is a sign of laziness and an attempt at recognition. Any male, out of his teens, can grow a beard within four weeks.

She says grow a beard that fits your personality; however, does every personality have its own beard? I like coffee but I can't "go-tea." What beard fits your personality? You can be continental and fight the sameness; I'll stay the same.

JACK WESTCOTT